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Art in the Machine Age, by Lewis Mumford, on page 102

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Subject of Poetry

MR. THORNWELL HAYNES, reviewing in the Asheville *Sunday Citizen* a recent anthology of poetry, "The Lyric South," makes heartfelt lament that the poets there represented, and indeed poets in general, still confine themselves to traditional themes instead of falling in line with the new forces which a mechanical and scientific age has generated. "The great movement of power to-day, the sweep of vehicles which move themselves, the sunlight of past ages filling our nights full of light, the listening of whispers a thousand miles away, the march of science more awesome than 'an army with banners,'" these are "epic achievements" which he feels should constitute the subject matter of poetry as much if not instead of the usual *motifs* of nature and living and loving and dying.

Now Mr. Haynes, it seems to us, is wrong on two counts; first, in believing that they have not to a considerable degree of late been material of poetry, and second, in believing that except as symbols they are material of poetry. As to the first, in many quarters for the past fifteen years it has been held as a reproach against poetry that it has been too much concerned with the immediate and the commonplace, too inclined to regard the usual, the useful, or the scientific as the stuff of poetry. Beauty, of course, is in the eye of the beholder, and a stone wall, a telegraph wire, or an aeroplane one and all may or may not be fit subjects for poetry. Kipling triumphantly proved long ago that a cable could admirably serve as a springboard to verse, but he proved it because he saw in it the modern miracle and not the mechanical thing. On the other hand, the recent Lindbergh prize poem contest demonstrated completely how inadequate to evoke real poetry such a theme as "people flying across the ocean" (one of Mr. Haynes's suggestions for a subject) is likely to be in the hands of the versifiers.

* * *

Poetry, after all, is a matter not of subject, but of treatment. Any subject is poetic if poetically handled, and the most majestic theme prose if prosaically presented. What makes the commonplace poetic, or invests the scientific with glamorous meaning, is the ability of the poet's imagination to charge it with feeling, to make it connotative and moving. If great poetry in the main has dealt with living and loving and dying, with the beauty of nature rather than with its scientific aspects, it is because living and loving and dying are the facts of existence that most profoundly concern mankind and most profoundly agitate them, because nature is what exalts and soothes them, and because all alike arouse that emotion which, recollected in tranquillity, is poetry.

It is not the measurement of the electronic universe (another of Mr. Haynes's suggestions as a subject for poetry) which is a poetic conception, but the fact of an electronic universe which is inflaming to the imagination, not the "sweep of vehicles which move themselves," but all that that sweep indicates of human energy and the surge of human society. Those are things that are not of to-day or yesterday or to-morrow, but of all time. They are the eternal verities that are sempiternally amazing and uplifting, and will still have power to move men's hearts and minds when the device that measured the electron has been discarded for a better, and the vehicles that move themselves have been supplanted by others impelled by force external to themselves. To ask that poetry be timely in the sense that it record the incidents of human achievement rather than the fact of human endeavor, the accomplishments of mankind rather than its yearnings, its pains, and its joys, is to ask that poetry stultify itself by becoming description instead of expression. To demand that it be timely in the sense that it deal with the universe in the light of the implications that make it of moment to mankind, is to put an enormous burden upon it, but it is to ask of it only that without which it can have no existence.

Epitaphs

UPON A VIRGIN

(Who Died While Her Maids Slept)

By S. FOSTER DAMON

WE woke, dazed with the midnight cry:
The Destined Groom had stolen by;
While we were dark with dreams of day,
He found where the lost Princess lay.
We heard the clamor of his horns
Departing from the Keep of Thorns,
And strove to light our empty lamps
Beneath the vaulted shades and damps,
To find only the empty dress
Of her limp body's loveliness.

UPON AN INVALID

HERE without any pain she may
Recuperate till Judgment Day,
For centuries are hardly hours
Beneath the quick feet of the flowers.

This Week

"The Log of 'Bob' Bartlett."
Reviewed by *Marie Ahnighito Peary.*

"Essays by Christopher Morley."
Reviewed by *Chauncey B. Tinker.*

"The Pure in Heart."
Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"The Right to Happiness."
Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

Adventure in Hoboken.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Poems of the Machine Age.
By *MacKnight Black.*

"Balzac and Souverain."
Reviewed by *E. Preston Dargan.*

"Lincoln or Lee."
Reviewed by *L. E. Robinson.*

"Psychological Care of Infant and Child."
Reviewed by *F. L. Wells.*

A Letter from Switzerland.
By *René Rapin.*

Next Week, or Later

The Modern English Novel.
By *Wilbur L. Cross.*

An Intellectual in Politics*

By J. W. T. MASON

THE recent death of Lord Asquith (to shorten his title and retain his identity) marked the passing of the last leader of Victorian liberalism. His was the grand manner of the intellectual and cultured esthete in politics, which left both himself and the British liberal party in the quagmire of utilitarian doubt and indecision, lost and forsaken.

Gladstone, struggling to establish political equality and curb political class privilege, bequeathed a heritage of parliamentary accomplishment and a tradition that the world could be set right by means of liberal political formulæ. His successors in the liberal party did not know, however, and Lord Asquith among the least of them, that political equality is not in itself an end but only a means to an end. Political equality is a step toward economic equality and this is the real goal toward which modern democracy is working—a utilitarian ideal, not a political and intellectualist ideal.

British liberalism sought to elevate the standard of living of the masses, but in terms of the price of a loaf of bread, while the masses eventually want, and rightly want, a standard of living in terms of the price of a motor car. Bread may be assured to all by parliamentary edict, but not motor cars. That is to say, legislatures may prevent starvation among the masses, but they cannot by law give the people more than the people produce. Wealth comes from work not from parliaments. Politically, man can safeguard his freedom; but, his standard of living in the end depends on his economic productivity.

* * *

British liberalism, after Gladstone to Asquith, failed to show a practical appreciation of this fact and was unable to change the direction of its leadership from political to economic well-being. It held to a few old shibboleths and waited in perplexity while the labor party advanced into power, reducing the liberals to the position of a well-nigh negligible bloc in the House of Commons. But, the British laborites, in turn, have not yet realized that wealth comes from work. Instead of accepting that principle, which requires so much sacrifice of leisure and such risks as accompany the replacement of manpower by machinepower, they have evaded it by evolving political plans to raise the economic level of the workers through government control or ownership of industry assuring special treatment for labor.

The British liberals were bent on abolishing political privilege; the laborites in the House of Commons have sought to create a new economic privilege. Liberalism under Lord Asquith could not check this latter movement and liberalism has paid the penalty. In the United States liberalism, perhaps by the fortunate fact of the economic individualism which accompanies the pioneer spirit, realized that work makes wealth. The trade unionism of America has refused to seek its salvation at the hands of Congress, but by the hands of labor—a difference so vast that it caused British labor leaders to consider the late Samuel Gompers (himself, English born) a heretic for his acceptance of the American way and his leadership of it.

Lord Asquith's failure to understand the basic problem of economic freedom which confronted the liberal party in his time, was fundamentally due to his own incapacity for thinking in utilitarian terms,

*MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS 1852-1827. By the EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. Two. vols. $10.

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which are rougher than intellectualistic terms and suffer no subterfuges for long in testing results. A little learning is not as dangerous a thing as too much learning. "Margot" Asquith, to whom the present volumes are dedicated, has contributed a preface giving an admirable outline sketch of her husband's temperament. She says he appeared to watch the "vagaries" of his cabinet colleagues "more as an umpire than as a judge"; and she pictures him as having had to overcome "his natural intellectual scorn" and cultivating "a tolerance with his fellow-creatures." His choice of the title "Lord Oxford and Asquith" when he was raised to the peerage, shows, too, his last love as his first was for scholastic interests. With him intellectuality was an esthetic adornment and he could be priggish about it—as witness in these volumes his scoffing remarks about the poor French spoken by his cabinet colleagues attending allied conferences during the agonizing period of the first years of the war. Balfour, among those whose French was not entirely to Lord Asquith's liking, is more the true intellectual than Lord Asquith ever was. Balfour has made contributions of high value to intellectualist literature; but not Lord Asquith, who was only an amateur in this intellectualist world of his own choosing.

This is not to say his final "autobiography" contains nothing of interest. None of its pages should be skipped. Time and again, between placid paragraphs burst forth revelations which give a new aspect to obscure events and enlarge present knowledge of our times. In previous books, Lord Asquith had written of his life, but earlier recollections do not reveal the man as do these, his final words about himself, his friends and enemies. Nobody can afford to neglect Lord Asquith's pages who desires to study the forces of democratic government as they evolve haltingly and so often go astray within the secret recesses of the minds of the most sincere statesmen.

* * *

The early chapters contain amiable comments on men and events, dominated from the start by the natural bent of the author's mind toward intellectual judgments. One fails to find a broad humanism or any evidence of a realization of the profound forces beneath the surface, which were showing the disappointment of democracy that political liberty has not of itself brought about a fair distribution of economic wealth nor made higher production of goods automatically certain. There are, however, interesting glimpses of personalities from the Asquith viewpoint.

Lord Bryce is called the "best educated" man of the time in politics. An incident is related at a luncheon given in London, when Bryce "severely corrected" Theodore Roosevelt who had made a mistake over "some intricacies of the American constitution." One wishes the conversation might have been in the days of the radio with the possibility of listening in.

Much has been published lately about Queen Victoria's antagonism to Gladstone. Little is known of Gladstone's remarks in the privacy of his personal circle, about the Queen. Lord Asquith prints a letter written by Victoria to Gladstone from Windsor Castle in 1893, charging him with insufficiently informing her about a parliamentary bill for suspending claims founded on vested Church interest in Wales. Victoria, in dismay, added that the bill was "as Mr. Asquith admitted, the first step towards the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England!! . . . The Queen trusts Mr. Gladstone may yet pause before taking so disastrous a step as to attempt to disestablish part of the English Church of which she is the Head and of which she always thought Mr. Gladstone was a loyal member."

Lord Asquith relates that Gladstone sent him a copy of "this curious fulmination" with a note asking for information and saying: "The enclosed is in no way formidable except that it will entail on me the necessity of writing rather a long letter. . . . Her Majesty's studies have not yet carried her out of the delusive belief that she is still by law the 'head' of the Church of England." Lord Asquith does not recall his answer, but he has no doubt Her Majesty's reference to what he supposedly had said "was founded on a complete misapprehension."

* * *

Interspersed among such reminiscences, Lord Asquith gives lively opinions about clubs, women in politics, the pulpit, and the press. He has his suspicions of journalism, though not entirely agreeing with a remark he attributes to Bryce that the press "seems the greatest danger ahead of Democracy." The end of the first volume carries the reader to the world war. Then follows the author's description of the war government, notes jotted down as the conflict blazed, revealing democratic statesmanship gone mad. There have been other accounts of the turmoil among the members of the Asquith war ministries, but none equalling Lord Asquith's own telling. Bickerings, defiances, conspiracies, incessant jealousies and antagonisms within the governing circle got into Lord Asquith's notes as if they were quite normal accompaniments of a nation's life and death struggle. The scenes described are almost incredible. Kitchener and French at each other's throats; Kitchener and Fisher pulling in opposite directions; McKenna and Lloyd George at odds; Winston Churchill passing under Balfour's influence and seeking to oust Grey as foreign minister; this minister and that ever distrustful and combatting first one and then another of his colleagues. As Lord Asquith reveals them, his cabinets seem to have been a Bedlam of omnipotents, each contending Jove confident he could win the war singlehanded if only left to his own thunderbolts. Yet, perhaps it is one of the glories of democracy that the democratic spirit which abounds in Great Britain trains men so badly to play the part of amateur autocrat. Somehow, in the end democracy muddled through the war more efficiently than did the professional autocrats on the other side.

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Amid all the muddling, Lord Asquith stood by, largely a spectator, though sometimes interjecting his authority to stop the clatter for a time. But, ever it broke out anew. It would have required a man of enormous personal prestige and great natural powers of command to have maintained discipline and compelled coöperation to the full among these wranglers. Lord Asquith was not born for such a post. He showed no particular weakness; rather, his notes suggest an intellectual aloofness, as if he were not quite certain what it was all about and as though, too, it were not in accord with liberal ideas of political freedom to knock the heads of the contestants together and keep them in their places. "Margot" is right. Her husband watched these "vagaries" of his colleagues "more as an umpire than as a judge." He did not condemn; he let the melée continue, occasionally blowing his whistle for time to part too violent contenders.

Democracy was politically leaderless. The ministers seemed as primitive and snarling as the fighting men at the front. Lord Asquith shows Lord Fisher at the Admiralty reaching a stage of megalomania reminiscent of the Hohenzollerns at their maddest. Fisher had once threatened to resign because his proposal to shoot all German prisoners in England in retaliation for the Zeppelin raids was not accepted. Being soothed after this rebuff, he later sent in his resignation, slammed down his desk because of a disagreement over the Dardanelles operations, and went away at a time when it was thought the German fleet was coming out. Lord Asquith here rose to unusual heights and ordered the recalcitrant sea lord to return, in the name of the King. This Fisher did, but only to insist that his resignation be accepted. He then outlined in a secret memorandum six conditions on which he would be willing to remain in active service and "guarantee the successful termination of the war." Lord Asquith prints this document, surely the most amazing state paper the war brought forth on either side. In one of his paragraphs Fisher demanded:

> That I shall have complete professional charge of the war at the sea together with the absolute sole disposition of the Fleet and the appointments of all officers of all rank whatsoever and absolutely untrammelled sole command of all the sea forces whatsoever.

He added that his conditions must be published verbatim for the information of the fleet. To such a state of rasping squeaks the strain of the war had reduced this little cog in the wheel of the great British naval machine, which was inconvenienced in no way whatever by Fisher's passing.

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At the front, Sir John French did not conceal his contempt for Kitchener in charge of the war office at home and was expressing himself in secret notes to Winston Churchill. Lord Asquith quotes "a very private letter" sent from French to "the adventurous Winston" in September, 1914, with the war as yet hardly begun. The British commander-in-chief notified Winston that if his little force were multiplied by six, "he would get to Berlin in six weeks without French help."

Out of charity, one can only assume the phrase was not meant seriously by French, but was a disguised criticism of Kitchener for not sending him men fast enough. However, those were days when ignorance for a brief period was bliss and it was folly to be wise to the actuality of the situation, for nobody could be made to believe in the dreadful collapse of civilization that was threatening. As for Winston, Lord Asquith was never able to accustom himself to his gyrations. There is a reference to Winston's "tragi-comedy" proposal that he, an ex-lieutenant of Hussars, resign as First Lord of the Admiralty and supersede the various generals in Belgium by taking command in person of the allied forces defending Antwerp. "I regard his future with many misgivings," Lord Asquith wrote in another connection, and then, elsewhere: "Winston was not at his best;" "Winston has been tactless;" "our two rhetoricians, Lloyd George and Winston, as it happens, have good brains of different types. But they can only think talking; just as some people can only think writing. Only the salt of the earth can think inside, and the bulk of mankind cannot think at all." This is an excellent example of Lord Asquith's own way of thinking.

* * *

Bonar Law greatly irritated him by his direct manner. The more courtly Balfour as leader of the opposition had been quite otherwise. Bonar Law was too indifferent about the niceties of parliamentary debate to win Lord Asquith's approval. He was the utilitarian, bent on results, not concerned with choice of words in stating them. "He was so offensive," Lord Asquith writes, describing a debate in the House of Commons on September 14, 1914, "that Illingworth and McKenna, who were sitting by me left the House, lest they should be unable to overcome their impulse to throw books, paper-knives, and other handy missiles at his head."

With such feelings toward opposition argument, with such a lack of capacity to maintain order among the disputing members of his government, it is hard to understand how Lord Asquith continued in office for some thirty months during the war, first as premier of the liberal war ministry and then as premier of the first coalition war ministry. Surely every chance was given him, but he could not exact results from his subordinates commensurate with the gigantic task confronting him.

Kitchener always meets with a kind word from Lord Asquith, possibly because both of them were involved in charges of inefficiency. French's accusation against the government and "Lord Kitchener in particular" of apathy in supplying munitions "teems with unpardonable inaccuracies," Lord Asquith declares. Of Kitchener's tragic attempt to reach Russia, he writes, "I have always thought and still think that his arrival there might have deflected the subsequent course of history."

Between Lord Asquith, the esthetic intellectual, and Lloyd George, the man of direct action and little intellectualism, not much in common existed. Lord Asquith gives no evidence of ranking Lloyd George's statesmanship highly, while admitting his shredwness. Early in the conflict, Lloyd George sought to stimulate efficiency at home by drastically curbing the national drink habit. "His mind," wrote Lord Asquith, "apparently oscillates from hour to hour between two poles of absurdity, cutting off all drink from the workingman—which would lead to something like a universal strike—or buying out the whole liquor trade of the country and replacing it by a huge State monopoly."

* * *

One now would hardly describe the second alternative at least, as an "absurdity." However, at the time, Lord Asquith found consolation in it, though disapproving, because studying the drink problem so occupied Lloyd George's attention that he was restrained from quarrelling with other members of the government.

Lord Asquith evidently felt he had been betrayed when Lloyd George succeeded him as premier of the war coalition. He gives publicity to the following note he made on March 29, 1915, when newspaper reports were circulating about the possibility of a cabinet breakup:

> I had an extraordinary and really very interesting talk with L. G. . . . . He declared that he owed everything to me, that I had stuck to him and protected him and defended him when every man's hand was against him and that he would rather (1) break stones, (2) dig potatoes, (3) be hung and quartered (these were metaphors used at different stages of his broken, but impassioned harangue) than do an act or say a word or harbor a thought that was disloyal to me and he said that every one of his colleagues felt the same.

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However, between then and December of the next year, when Lloyd George became premier, many things happened that might have justified anyone in changing his mind. Lord Asquith is reticent about the details of his own downfall and this part of the narrative he takes mostly from memoranda written by Lord Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Robert Cecil. Thereafter, the remainder of his recital is concerned largely with literary and personal notes and occasional political interludes. Here and there an intense bitterness of spirit shows itself, but for the most part Lord Asquith kept to himself his feelings following his retirement from active participation in the successful prosecution of the war and the aftermath. There is little mention of the peace negotiations. Almost the only reference to Woodrow Wilson is worded thus: "President Wilson was unwise enough at this time to slip down from his oracular tripod at Washington and to rub shoulders with European diplomacy at Paris and Versailles."

On giving way to Lloyd George, Lord Asquith rested a little, traveled a little, engaged in intellectualist exercise, was defeated for reëlection to parliament and accepted a peerage from the hands of the King. It is evident he was lonely. He had made few intimate friends. "There is no room for friendship at the top," is a saying in British politics, attributed to several politicians—Lloyd George among them. Lord Asquith lived up to that dictum, and he was at the top continuously for more than eight years. Occasionally, after his retirement from the premiership, he returned to the House of Commons to observe. After one of these visits, on February 17, 1921, he wrote thus about his successor who was still premier and about the great legislative chamber which he had himself led in the past:

> I have just been for an hour in the House listening to Ll. G.—a very characteristic performance, teeming with fustian and cheered to the echo by his servile satellites. What a place it is!

Searching these volumes for the soul of the man who wrote them, one asks and ponders the question whether democracies ever are successfully led by intellectuals: and if not, is it because intellectuals think in terms of the aristocracy of the intellect rather than in terms of the democracy of the human spirit?

The Best of Skippers

THE LOG OF "BOB" BARTLETT. By Captain Robert A. Bartlett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

Reviewed by Marie Ahnighito Peary

AN autobiography is a most unsatisfactory form of literature. If the author is egotistical, he tells too much. If he is the modest sort of man who really does things, he tells far too little. This latter is the fault of "The Log of Bob Bartlett." Some one of his friends should now come forward and write a supplement to this book and tell a lot of things about the man which he evidently considered too unimportant to tell, and yet which give, in illuminating flashes, his true character, as those who love him, know him. But whatever its omissions, Captain Bartlett has written a yarn with the tang of the sea about it and a perfect treasure house of quaint Newfoundland sealing expressions and superstitions. Throughout the entire book run, like two crimson threads, the dominant characteristics of this bluff sailor;—his love and devotion to his Mother, and his devotion and loyalty to his commander, Peary, the idol of his heart.

Seafaring men are of a race apart and so cannot be judged like other men. First of all, there is the call of the sea constantly in their ears and the love of it in their blood. It is no more to be resisted than the instinct of self-preservation. The sea has been the taskmaster of the Bartletts for centuries, so there is small wonder that the plans of Mrs. Will Bartlett, to make a minister of her eldest son, were doomed to failure from the beginning. (Those who know the famous Bob cannot help wondering *en passant*, just what kind of a minister he would have made, had the original idea been carried out, but that is on the side!) Seafaring men, in spite of a reputation for swearing and general irascibility, are usually a most easy-going lot and much more inclined to be charitable to others than the average man whose life is passed on shore. Perhaps the explanation is given in Bartlett's book itself. In his last chapter he says:

> On shore a man is always worried because he hasn't twice as much as he has already got. It's not like that on board ship. You can only have just so much. No amount of money on any but a passenger ship will get you quarters better than your rank deserves. Once you have warm dry clothes there is no use having any more. You can eat only so much food. As a result of this you are contented with your life simply because you are living. The sheer joy of being alive and working hard is your reward.

It is this lack of merciless competition, this elimination of the fierce rivalry through which most men are forced to gain their livings, that may account for the broadmindedness and toleration towards others, which characterizes most sailors.

* * *

Although he emphasizes his desire to refrain from all bitter comments in his book, no one who was not on the inside can appreciate what it means for a man to be deprived of two wonderful opportunities to do big things in the world, and not have his disposition soured as a result. Twice Bartlett seemed destined to accomplish a work of international importance, a work that would reflect credit not only on him, but on his adopted country as well. And twice circumstances that did not concern him personally at all, deprived him of the chance when it seemed almost within his grasp. The first time was the attempt to reach the South Pole, an attempt that was defeated before it was begun, by the fickleness of public interest. The second time was when

The Earl of Oxford and Asquith.

the Navy Department almost sanctioned his flight across the North Pole in the Shenandoah. This was frustrated because of Denby's retirement as Secretary of the Navy and the subsequent shake-up of the whole department. And yet not the least shade of bitterness or malice is noticeable in the account of these events in his book. Nor in conversation with the man himself. He is generous to the men who succeeded where he had failed even to start, and his feeling is genuine and unaffected. He simply regards it as an adverse turn of the wheel of Fate; a true sport and a born fatalist.

His book is the story of a life spent in following the sea, and the fact that part of the time was spent in the Arctic only intensifies the thrills. It takes a seady nerve and a thorough knowledge of one's profession to enable a man to drive his ship "Full speed ahead" through uncharted waters or to take her through the Straits of Belle Isle in a thick fog, with the ice running. And yet Bob Bartlett has done this times without number and never thought it anything out of the ordinary. It is in such a school as this that men learn courage and self-reliance. And when men have worked their way from fo'c'sle to bridge, as have all the Bartletts, they add to the other two characteristics, the priceless qualities of consideration for and understanding of the men beneath them. For this reason, when the sealing season opens, the Bartletts can have the pick of the crews "on the Newfoundland."

* * *

Someone should tell the story of the huge banquet given in Sydney to welcome Commander Peary and his crew on their return from dicovering the North Pole in 1909. In a speech describing the trip, Commander Peary praised Bartlett in the highest terms and emphasized the fact that, had it not been for Bartlett's clever handling of the ship, the *Roosevelt* might not have penetrated so far north and the chances for success would then have been materially lessened. At the end, when the guests had finished applauding the Commander, they cheered the skipper and called for a speech. Few would recognize the present finished lecturer and after-dinner speaker in the red-faced boyish skipper who rose reluctantly to his feet, stood there silently a few moments and then sat down again, muttering "The quarter-deck of the *Roosevelt* is good enough for me!"

Someone else should emphasize the softer side of his character by telling the story of the cables sent home from Indian Harbor, Labrador. To see him tell this, is to see the man's inmost heart revealed. I have never heard him tell it without seeing the tears rolling unashamed down his cheeks. It was when the first news of the discovery of the North Pole was to be flashed to the world. The first message was a personal one from Commander Peary to Mrs. Peary. Bartlett supposed the next one would be a public message announcing the long wished for discovery. "No, sir!" says Bartlett. "If you'll believe me, the Commander stepped one side and said, 'Your turn now, boy. Shoot through that wire to your Mother.' 'Tisn't many men would think of others at the greatest moment of their lives!"

Every one who knows and loves Bartlett (and the terms are practically synonymous) has a host of anecdotes to tell about him, all of them related with an affectionate smile. But perhaps his own book gives the truest picture of him after all, as much by what it omits, as by what it tells. At any rate, the Bartletts have been skippers for generations and I am sure not one of them would contradict the statement that Bob is not only the last, but also the best of them all.

An Essayist at Large

ESSAYS BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by Chauncey B. Tinker

WHAT Sir Christopher's readers love is his unflagging buoyancy. Johnson once told Boswell that he knew no one who had such a *gust* for London as he; we know no writer in this country to-day who has such a *gust* for life—the mere rapture of living—as Morley has. There is something boyish in his enthusiasm: his appetite has the sharp edge and the insatiability of a child's. Let it be chronicled that in this day of capitulation and mockery he is an idealist (and unafraid of the word). He dares to write of poetry not as a partisan of the Sitwells, but as a lover of the art which "makes life free and generous and clean." Instead of sneering at universities and the "schoolmen," he expresses his love of Haverford and his old teacher, Professor Gummere. Even though a city man, he sees the world adventurously as did Bunyan and Melville, not meanly and contemptuously as does the modern school. He finds it to be a *shining world*. And the reason is this: that he likes street-Arabs, and soda-jerkers, trainmen, and cats. He finds interest even in the New Haven railway station and, more miraculously, in the train to Philadelphia. He confesses to being amused. So, for this simple reason, he amuses us—amuses us with no less a trifle than verses on "A Suspicious Nature":

> Whenever I travel
> I ask at least three train-men
> If this is the right train
> For where I am going,
> Even then
> I hardly believe them.

This is a very modern book. You cannot read it without hearing the distant mutter of Manhattan streets, with all their poison and power. But, unlike most of us, Morley has an eye for their detail, over which he lingers with the intense observation of a painter. If he were in fact a painter he would depict New York as M. Loiseau or M. Utrillo paints the streets and the outskirts of Paris—unafraid of novelty and frankly interested in technique, but concerned primarily with color and the play of light and shade, with outline and perspective—in short, with truth to Paris streets as he sees them.

In one of the rare passages where he lets the serious side of his nature triumph over his perpetual temptation to be Puck, he writes, for once, frankly as a poet:

> The world as he [the poet] sees it around him, is almost unconscious of its unspeakable loveliness and mystery; and it is largely regimented and organized for absurdity. The greater part of the movement he sees is (by his standard) not merely stupid (which is pardonable and appealing), but meaningless altogether. He views it between anger and ten-

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derness. Where there might have been the exquisite and delicious simplicity of a Japanese print, he sees the flicker and cruel garishness of a speeding film.

The man who makes that confession of faith has within him something of which the reviewer finds it difficult to write—as did the essayist. Such passages are unfortunately rare. Puck is not to be denied.

The most surprising fact about the book remains to be mentioned. It contains one thousand one hundred and six octavo pages of medium-sized print—all essays. In this respect of length, it is the most voluminous single volume of essays which this reviewer remembers to have seen. It has no index. The objection is not merely academic, for there are many questions I should like to ask the author of these 1106 pages, as, what he thinks of Miss Rebecca West, if he esteems New England cooking; and whether he is fond of Rinkajous. He may perhaps have told us in his book, but to make sure I must reread (ahem!) the entire 1106 pages, or else wait and ask him when we meet.

An Ethical Code

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

IF Feminism had produced nothing else than Mrs. Bertrand Russell it would have been justified. Woman, who to the sagacious eye has long since revealed herself as the direct obverse of the sentimental, idealistic creature fashioned by masculine imagination, has nevertheless only very slowly dared to reveal her innate realism. Even such writers as Mary Borden, Zona Gale, Willa Cather, and Edna St. Vincent Millay not infrequently abandon their own sharp and bitter insights and sink back into the lulling masculine tradition, writing sweetly, as women have been expected to write. Mrs. Bertrand Russell also has a tradition behind her in the short annals of Feminism, but it is one on which she can take her stand without sacrificing a single chromosome of her personality. The essence of this attitude is a clear sense of fact directly and "materialistically" interpreted in reference to the desires for nutrition, sex-experience, and propagation, whereas the older masculine attitude is usually based upon a dim sense of fact indirectly and "idealistically" interpreted in reference to the desire for conquest. Since the sense of fact is the one thing most notably lacking in ethical systems to date, the triumph of Feminism inevitably will mean striking, and, to many minds, abhorrent changes in ethical ideals.

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Belatedly reading "The Right to be Happy," and quite ignorant of how the book was received on its appearance, I find it one of the few sensible popular ethical works which I have ever encountered. One cannot, of course, say everything in a single book, and there is much that is essential to a satisfactory ethics upon which Mrs. Russell does not even touch; much, it may be suspected, of which she is not even conscious. This, however, is hardly a criticism of "The Right to be Happy," in which the author devotes herself deliberately to working out a few fundamental ideas which have been shamefully overlooked by professional philosophers. Nowhere in fact has philosophy been more out of touch with life than in the field of ethics. Whereas human beings to-day, as in the days of Aristotle, notoriously strive primarily for one or another form of pleasure or happiness—temporary or permanent satisfaction of desire—philosophers have usually fled from hedonism as from the plague, and after much verbal quibbling have ended with a "highest good," very "spiritual," but bearing slight resemblance to anything an actual mortal ever really wanted. Mrs. Russell recognizes at the outset that man is an animal, and seeks for nothing more than that he should become an intelligent animal instead of the rather foolish beast he is at present. Animal desires lie at the root of all our values in love, art, science, and even religion; enlightened by knowledge they may be counted upon to attain satisfaction. The "rights" of human beings rest upon these universal desires; those which Mrs. Russell specifically considers as the most fundamental are the right to food (the necessary basis for all else), to work (satisfaction of the instinct to activity), to knowledge (satisfaction of instinctive curiosity), to sex experience, and to parenthood.

A serious endeavor to secure these rights to all would involve a remaking of the current moral and political code. Everyone would grant that human beings need food, yet Mrs. Russell's practical suggestion is so obvious as to be startling: "Nobody should vote for a politician who has not a well-considered scientific policy on a pure and plentiful food supply, its relation to trade and the numbers of the population. Put the present Parliament to an examination test. I wonder how many would get through?" (One does not even wonder as to the American Congress!) Mrs. Russell is nothing if not fearless. In regard to prohibition she writes the joyous words: "Let me make it quite clear that I think it part of the legitimate pleasure of men and women, especially the young, to drink and dance to intoxication from time to time." She also makes quite clear — what everybody has known and lied about for two thousand years—that the impulse toward sex pleasures and the impulse toward parenthood are quite distinct, that it is the former, not the latter, which usually brings the sexes together, and that the female is no more averse to such pleasures than the male. The author argues logically from these premises for the legitimizing of temporary sex partnerships and for the right of unmarried women to bear children. With all her recognition of the rights of sex, Mrs. Russell is far more interested in parenthood; here, indeed — though here only—she occasionally forsakes her realistic attitude to indulge in dithyrambics. Yet even here her description of the well-trained child is thoroughly in harmony with her main position: "It could be by the time it reaches school age a creature completely and securely at home in its relations to human beings, animals, mechanism, the weather, the sea, the earth, and the sky."

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As a motto for her book, Mrs. Russell ironically takes a quotation from the Rev. E. Lyttelton, exheadmaster of Eton: "Children go to school impressed with the belief that they have a right to be happy, that God will give them a good time. This is the perversion of true religion, self-denial, and obedience." Mrs. Russell's paganism is eager to join issue with traditional Christianity at every opportunity, but it forgets how much of classical paganism has been actually retained in Christianity, especially in the Catholic Church. Thus her first chapter, which is mainly devoted to medieval Christianity, is thoroughly unhistorical and rather wild. The sin is venial, however, as her errors do not affect her central argument. She is not a historian, but essentially a creature of her own time, highly extraverted, eager, in love with life and with the scientific interpretation of life. Her book is a frank and full expression of what the younger generation, at least, to-day believes in its heart and will to-morrow believe with all its mind.

L'Equipage and Other Tales

THE PURE IN HEART. By J. Kessel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

IT would be difficult to overpraise this volume. The publishers have generously given us not only Kessel's masterpiece "L'Equipage"—a novel first published in 1924, which reached its one hundred and fourteenth edition this spring—but also the three admirable tales collected in a more recent work, "Les Cœurs Purs." For those who delight in consummate artistry, here it is. Moreover, so robust is the author's talent, so firmly are his stories planted in the unnationalized soil of human experience, that in their transplanting no leaves droop, no roots are withered.

Yet each of them is sharply localized. Indeed the most remarkable thing about the three shorter tales is the way in which the essence of varying civilizations is distilled from them. "Mary of Cork," with the misty blues and steely grays of its conflicting loyalties, is not only an incident of the Irish Revolution but an epitome of it. Yet as different in tone and color as Little Russia from Cork is the next story, "Makhno and His Jewess," where horror flows into horror until the molten metals of hatred and savagery solidify in a flaming image of rabble dictatorship. And no less effective, though entirely unlike its predecessors, is the final tale in the volume, "Captain Sogoub's Tea," a delicately tempered study of an exiled aristocrat in Paris, in which a few quiet chords, expertly modulated, suffice to sound the tragedy of those who, recognizing Hunger as their new Czar, are even more starved in spirit than in flesh.

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But it is above all in his war novel, "L'Equipage"—here translated as "Pilot and Observer"—that the author reveals the "power of observation informed by a living heart" which Hardy considered "the true means toward the 'Science' of Fiction." Two men who, unknown to each other, are the lover and husband of the same woman, meet at the front and become closely associated as pilot and observer of the same plane. The relationship is unusually intimate, for Maury, the older man, a sensitive, maladjusted fellow, manages to arouse the antagonism of the whole squadron and only the impulsive young Jean befriends him. Compassion for the obvious suffering of the one, gratitude for the lighthearted kindliness of the other, and a partnership in danger where thoughts, nerves, and actions must beat to a single rhythm, all serve to tighten the bond uniting the two men. Nor at first is there anything to mar their friendship. Helen had given herself to Jean without revealing her real name, and the portraits of her painted by the young boy she adores and by the prematurely aged and embittered husband whom she repulses naturally do not agree in a single feature. Not until Jean goes on leave, bearing a letter from Maury to his wife, does he discover that Maury's unresponsive Helen is his own ardent Denise. In the rest of the novel we watch the loyalty of friend to friend and of man to woman tested by suspicion, passion, and remorse.

But the story of these three people is embedded like a crystal in the precisely carved setting that gave the book its original title. The squadron indeed is as much protagonist as they. In an atmosphere of alternating ennui and excitement, calculated calm and superheated emotions, the fliers exist from day to day, apparently at the mercy of the blindest of fortunes. The author's sensitiveness to the intrinsic does not obscure his perception of the superficial. Jean's sense of guilt at his betrayal of Maury is no more actual than the card-games at Florence's, the carousings after victories, the stirring battles over the Marne, or the profoundly moving death of Captain Thélis. Indeed throughout the book there is the same neat blending of the objective and subjective approach. No man could have written these four stories without a perfectly disciplined art and an imagination fructified by emotional participation in the events chronicled.

It should be added that the unnamed translator has been adequate to his task and that the book reads smoothly in its English version.

"Sir George Trevelyan," says the London *Observer*, "was not born early enough to 'see Shelley plain,' but he had some scarcely inferior privileges, apart from being the nephew of Macaulay. 'I have ridden with Mr. Carlyle a good many of the 30,000 miles which he rode when he was engaged upon 'Frederick the Great.' When he was no longer equal to the exercise, we took long walks together round and round the parks, and on one occasion, all of a sudden and apropos of nothing, he began slowly to pay out for my benefit an extemporary biography of Lord Chatham—the most wonderful soliloquy to which I have ever listened.'"

Again—"I have been shown over Venice by Mr. Ruskin, as cicerone, in his own gondola. I was introduced by Robert Browning to 'Waring'—a sad disenchantment, when the hero of that inimitable poem had become a weary old man like any other. I was present at a family dinner where Thackeray discoursed to a delighted audience of young people about 'The Virginians,' which he was then writing."

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The Bowling Green

Adventure in Hoboken

OCCASIONALLY someone inquires, What has become of the Three Hours for Lunch Club? It is true that its activities have more privacy nowadays than when (how long ago it seems) they served as filler for a daily newspaper column. But no one need suppose that the Club—once editorially described by no less a journal than the Baltimore *Sun* as "the world's most civilized institution"—has suffered any demise. Its members, some of them growing perhaps a little stouter or a little grayer, meet less often in plenipotentiary session; but it still preserves all the quixotry of its youth. One function of the Club, you may remember, was every now and then to devote its energies to some Great Cause. It has not been forgotten that once upon a time the club bought and saved from destruction a full-rigged ship. The ambition to start a chop-house on Ann Street was never fulfilled, because that old courtyard and smithy (the most relishable bit of early New York that our generation will remember) was torn down and built over. But now the club has a new Cause, and though it has kept pretty quiet about it there's no reason why the news shouldn't leak out. The Club has leased a theatre and gone in for producing.

I almost hesitate to tell you where; for this theatre is in the last seacoast of Bohemia that is left in New York, unpolluted by sophistication. We don't want it spoiled by the prematurely knowing. For this is not a "little" theatre, nor an "arty" theatre nor an "amateur" theatre nor a theatre in a cellar or a stable or a wharf or an attic. It is one of the last of the oldtime playhouses of this region, a house redolent with rich showman atmosphere, strong with the color and gaudy make-believe of the stage of fifty years ago. The echoes of many generations of troupers are in it, and the aromatic flavor of thousands of nights of melodrama and burlesque. The old Bowery flavor that, they tell me, Mae West has sought to recapture in *Diamond Lil* is obvious in this playhouse's very fabric. The woes and hokums of sixty years of playing have been trodden into the scuffed old stage and breathe in the scribbled ribaldries on the walls of the old prop room. There is even a ghost, I dare say, for there's a legend of a Leading Lady who fell through the ancient trap. I say sixty years at random, for so far no one in Hoboken has been able—

I've given it away; but I was going to anyhow.

* * *

Long ago, for reasons entirely their own, certain members of the Club formed a habit of occasionally going over to Hoboken for lunch. The old joke about Hoboken being foreign territory had some truth in it, you stepped off at the other end of the ferry and found yourself in a delightfully different world. There were ships, and quiet streets sunning themselves in a noonday doze, and comfortable German hotels where men sat lingeringly at their meals. One walked up the hill to Stevens Institute and looked out over the great panorama of New York—an honored member of the Club, Mr. Muirhead Bone, did a magnificent drawing of that prospect. In the early days of the Club's rambles in Hoboken the *Leviathan* still lay there, dingy and derelict, a memento of bad times. There was a Greek confectioner named Pappanicholas, whom we suspected of being the actual Santa Claus. There was, and still is, an authentic German bookshop—*Buchhandlung*. On warm days then, as now, the firemen on Hudson Street would turn on the hydrant with a special spray attachment, and not only children but grown-ups too bathed happily in the misty shower. And near that same hydrant was a frolicsome old theatre with which, though we suspected it not, the Club's destiny was connected.

* * *

The credit—if there should be any credit—belongs primarily to Mr. Cleon Throckmorton, the eminent stage designer, who happened in at the Rialto Theatre in Hoboken because a former employee of his was playing a "bit" there; and his unrivalled eye for theatre effects fell in love with the glamorous old house. He laid his ideas before some of his colleagues in the Club; heads were put together; through a long season of mint-julep meetings (the Club's official beverage in warm weather) the pros and cons of the problem were discussed. In short, a lease was signed; behold, in the warm days of August, Mr. Throckmorton himself engaged with a paintbrush; and the old auditorium emerging from grime and peanut-shells into a lively vision of gold and white and scarlet not unreminiscent (so the wiseacres say) of the famous Deutsches Theater in Berlin. Not since the era of the old Wallack's have I seen (in New York) a playhouse that speaks so irresistibly to the lover of the stage's oldest tricks.

* * *

We have always been quite candid, unprofitably candid, in such comments on the Club's affairs as have been made public. There was one division of the managing committee that argued vigorously against New York being informed at all of this transfluminal venture. It was Hoboken's affair entirely, they said; it was intended for the long-standing clientèle of the old Rialto, and not for explorers. They said that if people knew how agreeable it is to slip aboard the ferry at 23rd Street (enjoying the lights and fresh air of the river, instead of the traffic and monoxide fumes of Times Square), and then find themselves within a few paces of the

"THE SUN'S OVER THE FORE-YARD"

Symbolic medal designed by R. Tait McKenzie for the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

theatre, that the house would be thronged with smart New Yorkers looking for a new sensation. There were many other reasons alleged why it would be better not to let anyone into the secret; with most of which I heartily agree. But after all the Club has never been selfish; and the kind of people who read the *Saturday Review* can be trusted to be discreet. It would be a pity if people reproached us afterward for not having told them. One of the oddest things about humanity is its habit of trapesing along the same steady groove. Far too seldom do we hear anyone get up and say, apropos of nothing, Let's go to New Utrecht and see what happens there; or Long Island City; or Jamaica (L. I.); or—well, Hoboken. A man who one day had an impulse to go and study Newark (a very amazing town, incidentally) is more genuinely a traveler than one who gets aboard a swell steamer and goes to the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, just because the shipping companies kept telling him to do so. Or, to take another example, Eighth Avenue, all this summer, in the throes of excavation, has been a spectacle thrilling beyond words, incredible, magnificent. To trudge along there, once a week or so, and observe that stupendous ugly panorama of savage toil and calculated confusion is an education in Futurity. Not the niftiest window-décor of Fifth Avenue nor the wildest modernism of designers has given me so clear a punctuation of what the world is going to be like.

It would be an impertinence to remark here what eventual hopes or intentions had these well-wishing adventurers in setting forth. But it would equally have been a misdemeanor not to apprise a righteous few that the sacred traditions of melodrama and farce can still be found in a theatre that looks like a theatre—the kind of theatre that in London would be named (after a pub) the Elephant and Castle. For the moment it *is* our Castle: it may yet prove to be our Elephant.

But if you come to look at our last sea-coast of Bohemia you must bring your own eyes with you, and not see it through anyone else's, nor with any preconceived notions of what is or isn't picturesque. Suppose you go by the Holland Tunnel or the Hudson Tubes, even those alone are miracles enough for one evening, aren't they? How often do you smell that whiff of the Hudson ferries which ought to be the birthright of every New Yorker? Crossing rivers was always thought to be symbolic; there was the Rubicon, the Jordan, the Delaware, the Styx. Even Shakespeare played Across the River, in Southwark—which explains a great deal in his work.

But that's no parallel: for if you come (the no-publicity faction asked me to say) don't bring with you any dramatic critics or highbrows or people who go to the theatre just to have their withers wrung with Dostoievsky and "Dusty Answer." Allow half an hour from Times Square. 99 cents top—matinées Tuesdays and Saturdays.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Poems of the Machine Age

POWER-HOUSE

HERE, as where the measured sun
Hammers the cold earth with Springs unending,
A piston beats immobile steel
To flight as fertile as awakened lands.
This covered place is splendid as a sky,
This pounded wheel blooms like the earth;
Whoever stands here must be moved
Deep in his blood, as when he stands
And stares across live April fields
Beneath the steady lightning of the sun.

CORLISS ENGINE AT REST

THIS is the world's end, and the world's beginning.
This is the stillness, the motionless perfection,
That awaited the burning of the first star,
That will take back to its peace the charred sun.
This is the quietness our blood remembers, and flows toward again;
This is the moment after strength,
Before fulness; and Time, the white tree
Whose roots have buckled the fields of space,
Is a seed now, and lies cool in the sky, unflowering.

RECIPROCATING ENGINES

HOW softly, as the great wings of eagles flow through a sky
These tons of shaped steel
Ply through motionless air, how strongly they mesh
The stillness with a peace of their own.
The birth of a star is like this, the birth of a star
Is a blooming from quietness; wheel-flight and star-flight
Are one peace of clear motion.
The bodies of men and of women, of lovers,
Stirring with atoms, perfect in breast and limb,
Are like steel-flight; they are softly in being,
As blossoms are white on a pear tree in April;
Springing from stillness, they have their peace.

MACKNIGHT BLACK.

Lord Frederic Spencer Hamilton, who died recently in London, was the fourth son of the first Duke of Abercorn. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877 and retired in 1884. From 1885-1886 he represented the South-West Division of Manchester in the Conservative interest, and sat for North Tyrone from 1892 to 1895.

Lord Frederic was at one time editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and he was the author of a number of books, including "The Holiday Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant" (1915) and its sequels and reminiscences.

The London P.E.N. Club, of which John Galsworthy is president, is sponsoring the development of a society which should be of considerable help to young writers who have still to make a name. It is to be called the Young P.E.N.—the initials stand for Poets, Playwrights, Editors, and Novelists—and its object is to bring literary aspirants under thirty into contact with others in their fields.

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Art in the Machine Age,

DURING a great part of history, the arts were an indivisible part of the life of a community. It is difficult, as Karl Bücher pointed out, to say where work leaves off and art begins: drama is in origin the significant rehearsal of the "thing done," the planting of seed and the gathering of harvest; song and dance rhythmically recapture the ecstasy of courtship or martial triumph; painting and sculpture visualize divinity, or realize, in more perfect composure, the forms of men and landscapes; to live is to experience art. Among all the occupations known to men and practised by them down to modern times, the only one that was degraded, to the exclusion of art, in the process of conducting the work or shaping the materials or sharing in civic life, was that of the miner. From the miserable slaves who worked the silver mines of Athens to the serfs who remained in the mines of Great Britain up to the nineteenth century, the miner alone was condemned—along with the public executioner—to exist without benefit of the arts.

The industrial period begins with a reversal of this condition. The miner develops the steam engine and invents the railroad; for a while, the steam engine, the railroad, and a great array of mechanical contrivances occupy the centre of men's activities; and the one art which throughout human history had been a symbol of degradation dominates the scene, displacing human desires and human standards, and erecting, as an Iron Calf for the multitude to worship, the notions of mechanical efficiency and merely pecuniary wealth. Every art feels the shock of this change: living becomes subordinate to working, and working is no longer enriched by the whole personality. The new working class, as it is called, can alas! neither produce art nor respond to it; the intricate folk dances disappear; the folk songs lose both in fun and in depth; the manufactured furniture, rugs, curtains, and dress materials that take the place of the old products of handicraft lose all esthetic value; by the middle of the nineteenth century the age of non-art has, apparently, begun.

* * *

Was the displacement of art that marked the introduction of machinery a permanent or a temporary process? It was impossible to answer this question in John Ruskin's time; but by now I think we may say confidently that the process was only a temporary one. While those who value the traditional arts are chiefly conscious of the loss, we are now also conscious of the fact that industrialism has produced new arts, associated with the application of precise methods and machine tools. Will these new industrial arts altogether replace the traditional ones? Will the traditional arts recover some of their lost ground? Has the machine age developed a new esthetic, or is its bias essentially anti-esthetic? Will the expression of the human personality through the arts regain its ancient place and will art once more accompany all human activity? These are some of the questions we must ask.

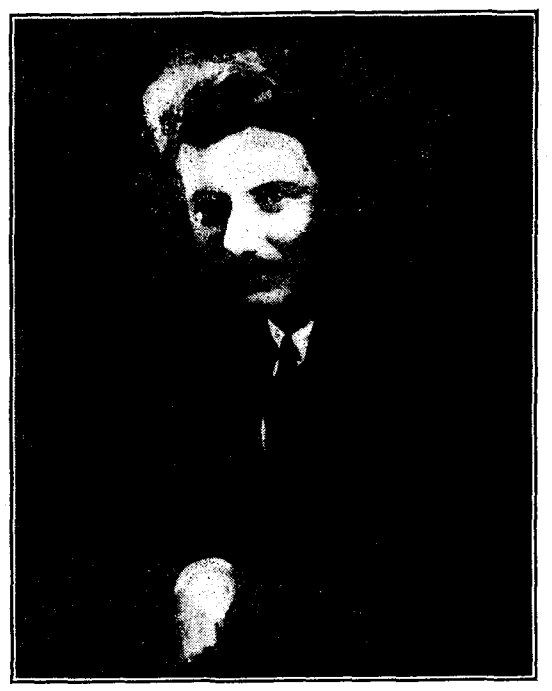
The primary result, without doubt, of modern methods of production and intercourse upon the cities and countrysides of the Western World was the wholesale defacement of the landscape and the reckless misuse and perversion of almost every natural resource; above all, the stark misuse of the workers themselves.

The coal that was brought to the surface to run the engines in the new factories resulted in the horrid débris of the pithead; carried by railways into the new towns, it created the smokepall which shut out sunlight, reduced the aerial colors to foggy grey, and, falling in a sooty film which effaced every gradation of color in street and building, it sank into the lungs and the pores of the industrial denizen. In certain industries, the escaping gases or finely divided particles destroyed the surrounding vegetation; while in others the refuse dumped into the streams killed the animal life and made the water unfit to drink or to swim in. The dissolution of solid forms in the later paintings of Turner and in those of Whistler in the next generation, was partly a witness of the early coal régime. Without the soft obliteration of fog, the landscape was hideous: the sole beauty that remained was that of atmosphere.

In this environment architecture totally collapsed, except so far as it was still carried forward by the momentum acquired in an earlier age. It was even worse with the more intimate forms of decoration and furniture. Knowledge and taste occupied different compartments: the industrialist was one person, the esthete was another; the operative was one person, the designer was another. The utilitarian was right when he insisted upon living in his own age and taking advantage of the instruments this age had produced; the romanticist was right when he was aware that the human personality could not be split up, and that a philosophy which arbitrarily limits our practical functions and divorces them from questions of taste and beauty, is an instrument of degradation.

* * *

But when we turn from the traditional arts to the new arts that arose with the machine economy the picture becomes somewhat different. Engineering as an exact art came into existence during the Renaissance and entered upon a period of astonishing growth in the eighteenth century, the century that saw the perfected steam engine, the power loom, and the iron bridge. Even in its primitive applications, in the art of fortification in the seven-



LEWIS MUMFORD
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teenth century, engineering showed results which placed it, at times, on the level of architecture.

With the development of mathematics and physics, the art of engineering flourished. By exact measurements, by tested formulæ, by fine calibrations, a new technique in handling materials came into existence whose success was measured, not by its incorporation of the human touch and the human personality, but by its total elimination of these characteristics. Engineering deals in known quantities: it seeks to achieve calculable results; and its highest products have been in those departments where the unknown or uncertain factors could be reduced to a minimum. By making cast-iron and steel available as a common material of art throughout Western Europe and America, metallurgy placed at our disposal a substance more pliable than stone or wood, and much more hard and tough and strong in its various possible mixtures than copper and its alloys; while in the lathe, the drill, and later the planing machine, the art of adapting this metal to the finest mechanical adjustments was made possible. The specialized machine itself is a derivative product: it is the machine-tool that is the source of our triumphs in the exact arts.

Without steel, our machine tools might have produced instruments of exquisite accuracy, but they would have been few in number; without machine tools, our plentiful supply of iron would have had little formal effect upon design, for this material would still have been subjected to the characteristic modifications of handicraft. Both these possibilities were explored in the early development of technology; for up to the eighteenth century the exact arts had produced as their crowning achievements only small instruments like clocks and watches, while as soon as iron came into general use, the early designer succumbed to the temptation to treat it in the fashion of handicraft stuff, with modelled and cast embellishments in the form of flowers and birds and fruit—decorations which appear equally on the barrels of cannons, on the girders of bridges, and on the vacant parts of the earliest typewriters.

In spite of numerous sorties down these blind alleys, engineering by the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Crystal Palace was built in London, had begun to find its legitimate task and its proper canons of workmanship. The first complete demonstration of its power to produce great work of art came in the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge in New York. Without doubt, the Brooklyn Bridge is one of the great masterpieces of nineteenth century engineering, and, considered by the standards of esthetics, it is perhaps the most complete work of architecture on a large scale that the century can show—a perfect expression, in line and mass, of all that the structure demands from the engineering elements, and of all that the eye requires in their disposition.

That engineering demands imaginative design and is not the less an art because all the esthetic conditions must be achieved within a narrow set of material limitations, is likewise established by the large number of badly designed engineering structures that we have produced: against a Brooklyn Bridge one may pit the uncouth design of the Williamsburgh Bridge, against the Army Supply Base in South Brooklyn one might put a score of unrhythmical, boxlike factories; and in general, for every example of strong imaginative engineering one might put a dozen examples of feeble work to prove that, while the impersonal arts are as capable of beauty as the humane arts, the mere employment of mathematical formulæ or the close adherence to machine patterns is no guarantee whatever for esthetic success.

* * *

During the last thirty years we have become more conscious of the esthetic possibilities of the exact arts, and it is no accident that our newest instruments, the automobile and the aeroplane, are not the weakest but the best of our machine products, a distinction which they share with American kitchen equipment and bathroom fixtures. Under our very eyes an improvement in design has taken place, transforming the awkward mass and the broken lines of the primitive auto into the unified mass and the slick stream-lines of the modern car; or, by an even greater revolution in design, turning the imperfectly related planes of the push-power aeroplane into the more buoyant, gull-like tractor plane of to-day with body and wing both gaining in beauty as they were adapted more carefully to the mechanical requirements of flight. So strong, so logical are these designs that they have inevitably a powerful imaginative effect; and one does not wonder at the impulse many European architects have succumbed to to copy the forms of the aeroplane or the steamship even in buildings where their functions are foreign or irrelevant.

In appreciating the great achievements of modern engineering, as an art, we must not, however, forget their limitations. The fact is that all the indisputable triumphs of the exact arts have been in fields where the human element has been eliminated, or where the function of the machine itself expresses the only human desire involved—as the aeroplane expresses the ancient human desire for the power of flight. The real test of our ability as artists and engineers will come when we attempt to apply the machine-technique into fields of activity where the personality as a whole must be considered, and where social adaptations and psychological stresses and strains are just as important factors as tensile strength, load, or mechanical efficiency in operation.

Up to the present our use of machine method has been muddled by two different attitudes. One has been the pathetic error of using machine methods to achieve forms and qualities that are antagonistic to the nature of the machine: under this head comes the introduction of machine-carving in the manufacture of, say, Tudor chairs in order to stimulate the ancient handicraft designs on a scale that will meet the vulgar mind. For anyone with an honest sense of design, the cheapest bent wood chair is superior to the faked replica of the machine. The contrary error is that of holding that the bent wood

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by Louis Mumford

machined chair is admirably suited to modern purposes because it is solely and entirely a product of the machine: this neglects the simple fact that it is totally unadapted in design to the contours of the human body in all but one or two brief stiff postures. To deny that the machine can produce art is a fallacy; to believe that everything the machine produces is excellent art is also a romantic fallacy. To curb the machine and limit art to handicraft is a denial of opportunity. To extend the machine even into provinces where it has no function to perform is likewise a denial of opportunity.

It is not only in the arts that have been fructified by science that there has been a distinct gain. Once the disruption of the traditional arts was complete, it became possible to revive them on a modern basis; and since, roughly, 1880, there has gone on a revival in typography, textiles, furniture, in architecture and city planning which shows, I think, that science and technics, while they have altered the basis of these arts, have not done away with the possibilities of their proper growth and development. I shall concentrate on architecture and city design; for these are the master arts; and they flourish only to the extent that they can call freely on the accessory crafts.

Beginning first in America, among the group of original minds that began to design the warehouses and office buildings of Chicago during the eighties, a fresh impetus in architectural design has now spread throughout Western Civilization. What is in back of it? Modern architecture differs from all the revivals that began with the Renaissance in that it springs out of a new logic of structure, instead of deriving from the last stage in architectural development—the ornament. This logic is founded on certain capital facts: first, that our habits of living have changed; second, that the functions of a building have been modified partly by the introduction of mechanical utilities for heat, drainage, equalization of temperature; finally, that modern technology has provided a whole range of new materials and methods—the steel cage and ferro-concrete construction for example—which have altered the essential problems of design.

As a result, the content and potential rhythm of a modern building has changed. Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright has altered the proportions of wall and window, making his ceilings low and his windows continuous; Mr. Erich Mendelsohn, in the Einstein Tower, has created ferro-concrete as a completely plastic material: P. P. Oud in Holland and Messrs. Stein and Wright in America have designed dwelling houses whose esthetic value comes solely through the spacing and grouping of simple, standardized units; whilst the most original skyscraper architects, Messrs. Corbett, Kahn, Walker, Harmon, and Hood, have created vast structures which, by sheer mass and proportion and disposition of the parts sometimes acquire the dignity of great building. There is nothing in European or American architecture since the seventeenth century to equal in originality of design and in positive conception the important buildings of the last thirty years, buildings like the Marshall Field Warehouse, the Monadnock Building, the Los Angeles Public Library, the Shelton Hotel, the Barclay-Vesey Building, the interior of the Hill Auditorium at Ann Arbor, the railroad station at Helsingfors, the Town Hall at Stockholm, the Bourse at Amsterdam, the concert-hall at Breslau—to mention only a handful of examples chosen at random. It is almost as impossible to characterize all the varied manifestations of this architecture, particularly during the last twenty years, as it is to characterize the Gothic; but, like the Gothic of the thirteenth century, it perhaps witnesses a common impulse towards synthesis throughout Western Civilization.

Our achievements in architecture have been curbed by the fact that except in certain European cities the architect has lost his sense of the whole: the best buildings are not assured, by adequate city planning, of the best sites, or even of relatively important ones; so that, while in the actual order of development we have risen from good engineering to good architecture, and may eventually rise from good architecture to good city design, as numerous plans for city extensions and new communities already promise, it is only by reversing this process and securing control of the social situation that we shall be able to extend and perpetuate the advances we have made. What does this mean? It means modifying public taste through the creation of a new esthetic; it means curbing extravagant ground rents and preventing the misuse of sites; in general, it means treating the community itself as a major element in design. Before architecture can produce more than isolated masterpieces, our social skill must be pushed at least as far as our engineering skill, defining the several functions of a city and controlling the use of land for the benefit of the whole community. Where this has been done by public authority in Holland, Germany, and England, architecture has profited.

We come at last to city design. If one excepts the extravagant and socially dubious improvements made in Paris and Vienna during the nineteenth century, city design almost completely disappeared. With indisputable gains in mechanical efficiency, in the manufacture and transportation of certain products, there was a vast loss in the communal art of living. In the new cities the housing accommodation, not merely for the industrial workers but for a good part of the middle classes, was below decent hygienic standards; private gardens disappeared, and as the cities increased in area, population, and wealth the amount of sunlight, fresh air, open spaces relatively diminished.

There were many criticisms of this condition from Engels to Ruskin, from the physician who planned the imaginary town of Hygeia to the industrial magnates who attempted to improve conditions in Pullman, Port Sunlight, and Essen; but the first adequate conception of the problem was formulated by Sir Ebenezer Howard when he published his classic proposal for garden cities under the title, "Tomorrow." Mr. Howard pointed out that the nineteenth century city had become amorphous: it had neither shape nor bounds: the only interrelation of its parts was an interrelation of mechanical utilities, sewers, water-mains, and transportation systems—and even these were designed at haphazard.

Adequate design, Mr. Howard saw, was not a matter of merely providing architectural approaches or "civic centres," nor was it a matter of elaborating further the physical utilities: it was essentially a sociological matter, and it must face every problem of the city's existence; any fine esthetic result could only be the crown of a long series of efforts. Modern city design involved planning cities as units in relation to natural resources and recreation areas; it meant planning of house-sites and gardens and schools so that children could be bred under conditions that would further their physical survival and their culture: it called for the provision of factory-sites and the coördination of industries: and finally, it demanded as a condition of continuous growth the creation of new city-units, surrounded by rural areas, but with all the benefits of urban coöperation, schools, amusements, libraries, theatres, hospitals, and so forth. Modern city design meant the adequate resolution of all these problems—problems which actual city planning by engineers and architects not merely shirked but never even posed for themselves.

Mr. Howard's conception of city growth as growth by communities, related to their region and to its industrial life, challenged the existing methods and habits; for it shifted the whole emphasis from mechanical planning and patchwork, to comprehensive social planning. Although Mr. Howard's conceptions have actually been embodied in two English cities, Wellwyn and Letchworth, and although they have deeply modified the current conceptions of city planning in Europe, and to a smaller extent in America, city planning is still the least progressive of the arts; and the new cities of the western world are not organic centres but inefficient mechanical agglomerations. This state of affairs need not excite our wonder; for compared with any single specialized industry, the coördinations and transformations required for modern city planning are infinitely more complicated, and the human variables are much more difficult to handle. Despite this tardiness in development, our city planning must eventually not merely reach the point that Messrs. Howard and Unwin had reached by 1904; it must even pass beyond it; for our new technological achievements in the automobile, the aeroplane, long distance communications and giant power transmission have made our existing centres inefficient and obsolete.

City design is the art of orchestrating human functions in the community. As, through the applications of the scientific method, our ability to forecast and control our purposes increases, regional planning must provide the framework for city design, architecture must avail itself more and more of community planning and engineering must give precedence to architecture—thus reversing the present condition under which there is a vast proliferation of misconceived and misapplied physical utilities and perpetual scamping of human purpose and design. This is not an abstract conclusion; it emerges from the actual situation in the arts to-day. Once the framework for a human life is prepared, the arts that arise naturally under these happy auspices will appear, not constrained, specialized, shrunken, often insignificant, as they are to-day, but in something like the original virility that characterized them throughout western Europe before the introduction of the machine.

In sum, we can now see, I believe, that the machine age is not a fixed monument in relation to which the arts must get their bearings. The machine age began with great discoveries in the physical sciences, with the application of experiment and invention to mechanical contraptions, and with the domination of engineering as the supreme art. Its early growth was marked by the dilapidation of all the traditional arts—except those which by their nature could retreat to the cloister. In the arts which arise out of personality and social needs, the machine age has developed slowly; but with the increasing application of biological knowledge to hygiene, agriculture, and medicine, of psychology to education, and of the social sciences to the actual problems of industry, planning and city design and regional development, the one-sided emphasis on mechanical technique, which marked the early transition, should eventually give way to a more even-handed competence in dealing with every aspect of life. With the existence of greater opportunities for leisure, provided potentially by the machine economy but still far from actual achievement, the personal and contemplative arts, which were either isolated or reduced to frivolity in the early stages of industrialism, should flourish again.

There is, of course, no certainty that any of these things will happen. A disastrous series of wars might even throw us back into a pre-industrial era, or drive the spirit into a superstitious ideology in which compliance with inscrutable powers outside ourselves, powers working fear, disaster, death, would take the place of that active if unnameable faith which buoys up all those who now heartily pursue the arts and sciences. It is even possible that our financial organizations, taking advantage of sundry narrow psychological skills, may find a way of keeping the arts and sciences tethered to the market, and of emasculating them of every hypothesis that would upset the profit-making mechanism. Any or all of these perversions and miscarriages may come to pass; but none of them will arise out of the legitimate method of science, nor will they occur because tested and verifiable knowledge discourages the arts and annuls the function of the artist.

Science cannot take the place of religion and philosophy; nor can engineering arrogate to itself the provinces of all the other arts. Our sciences, our ideologies, and our arts are, on the contrary, essential to humane living; and their expression is wholeness in Life.

The foregoing article is to constitute the greater part of a chapter of the volume entitled "Whither Mankind?" an interpretation of the Machine Age, edited by Charles A. Beard and shortly to be published by Longman's, Green & Company. Its writer, Lewis Mumford, is the author of "The Golden Day" (Boni & Liveright), and of numerous essays and studies.

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Books of Special Interest

Unpublished Letters

BALZAC AND SOUVERAIN. Edited by WALTER SCOTT HASTINGS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $15.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

AMONG the most revealing pages in Balzac's life-history are those concerning his relations with publishers. These figures emerge as definitely as if they belonged to the "Comédie Humaine" itself. We come to know the "odious" Madame Béchet, Edmond Werdet, gossip and "vulture," and the crafty Chlendowski. We learn afresh how closely Balzac commingled his financial affairs and his literary ambitions.

Such are the interests of the present volume, consisting mainly of fifty-six hitherto unpublished letters from Balzac to Hippolyte Souverain. This *éditeur* stood sponsor for numerous novels during the author's grand climacteric (1833-1844). The original holographs are the property of Mr. Gabriel Wells, who in various ways has appeared as the "twentieth century godfather of Balzac." The volume republishes also certain complementary letters from Souverain to the novelist. The editing has been carefully done by Professor W. S. Hastings, already known for his work on Balzac's plays. The commentary or running text, if not always explicit, is thoroughly reliable and readable. Professor Hastings has had to surmounnt great difficulties in transcribing, grouping, and dating the letters. The result is a well-knit and complete chapter from Balzac's professional life.

At best, the author maintained an armed truce with his publishers; at worst, it was a guerilla warfare of recriminations. "M. de Balzac est un homme à ne jamais imprimer," declared a printer to Souverain. We need not dwell on the familiar tale of how this "Manslayer" rewrote large portions of his novels on proof-sheets. Such revisions meant infinite delays; and Souverain complains mainly of overdue proof-sheets, unfurnished copy, and carelessness as to contracts. On the other hand, the letters are constantly referring to money matters; here it is Balzac who accuses *le superbe Hippolite* of sharp dealing and wants more liberality including frequent advances. In short, an atmosphere of mutual distrust long prevailed. The editor of the volume seems too good-natured in endeavoring to clear this atmosphere. It is hardly true that the "first signs of coldness" date from 1843. All along there are too many signs of irritation, threats of legal proceedings, and clearly expressed suspicion.

As for literary matters, the chief lesson I learn is that one cannot understand the composition of the "Comédie Humaine" without due regard to Balzac's correspondence and his mutable contracts with publishers. A dozen masterpieces were brought out by Souverain in these years. Concerning them we glean much information. It is noteworthy that sometimes a volume is to be filled out by writing, rather hastily, an additional tale or two. To set up part of one volume required of the compositors three hundred hours of proof-corrections. The cost of polishing "Pierrette" exceeded what the author was paid for that story. Sweeping revisions were made for "Le Curé de Village" as for "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris." Occasionally the publisher is allowed to make the necessary corrections, but Balzac vehemently protests against Souverain's passing a "revise" without the author's consent. Frequently we hear of obligations unfulfilled, because the novelist has undertaken fresh enterprises to the prejudice of a previous contract. We can understand Souverain's constant lament that Balzac is "always promising," but seldom performing.

Yet the Titan's productivity during this period was enormous. The volume shows that he wrote incessantly, as one hag-ridden. It is what killed him ultimately. Even in 1843 his printers nearly drove him to death. The break with Souverain, as publisher came at this time. But later, while Balzac was ill in Russia, the tone of the correspondence reveals that cordial relations were for the first time established. Not only did Souverain help the suffering author financially (he had done this before), but he came forward with various friendly services, which included the purveying of the latest Parisian gossip and books to the Ukraine!

Professor Hastings is likely to be credited with a notable discovery about this Russian sojourn. It is indicated from a monogram on one of the letters that Balzac was in a State hospital during the autumn of 1849, instead of at his fiancée's home. If this be fully proven, it would count as another instance of Madame Hanska's neglect.

Altogethe, this is a volume which for external beauty and intrinsic value should appeal to every Balzac amateur.

Historical Criticism

LINCOLN OR LEE. By WILLIAM E. DODD. New York; The Century Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by L. E. ROBINSON

IN three chapters Mr. Dodd has essayed a very difficult task even for a historian of his attainments. He attempts in brief compass a "comparison and contrast" of Lincoln and Lee through a *résumé* of their conduct and fortune as leaders of their respective sides in what he somewhat naïvely calls "the war between the states." The swiftly-moving and well-written parallel of the two leaders sketches the opening of the Civil War and the events of the epic duel that followed; it indicates Lincoln's successful management of Palmerston's attitude and English public opinion, and stresses the hostility the President encountered in Congress, in the cabinet, and elsewhere. Up to Gettysburg, Lincoln loses and Lee wins. After Gettysburg, which Lee lost because "his greatness was his ruin," the Confederate leader declined before the superior force of Grant, who, in spite of excessive losses, persisted in fighting Lee's army.

Lee is called "the greatest of American, if not English-speaking, commanders." He was the best representative of his time of the "aristocratic principle." He was great and knew he was great. He represented the section that had abandoned the social philosophy of Jefferson, its greatest thinker, for the "harder doctrine of Hamilton and John Marshall, the doctrine of inequality among men." Lincoln, politically sympathetic with Jefferson's doctrine of equality among men, was gentle and submissive to the will of the majority. It is perplexing to find a good American historian referring to Lincoln as "unreligious"; to his assissination as having hurried him "into an earlier and a greater immortality than life itself could have given." It is an open question whether Lee's last five years "completed" or redeemed his "immortality."

Mr. Dodd's little book is an interesting if journalistic essay in historical criticism. He has selected the two greatest and most interesting Civil War leaders for parallel study. In his estimate he has been influenced obviously by his own observation that "Americans love success" and by the idea of "the narrow and accidental margin of success." The President and the General are regarded too exclusively from the same level of responsibility and action. There is some reason, however, for this point of view, since Lincoln was primarily a statesman with major military problems forced upon his unwarlike temper, and Lee was a trained soldier whose life affords no data for study in the service or ideals of democratic government. Mr. Dodd keeps before his reader Lincoln's hope of "lifting the weights from the shoulders of all men"; little is made of his major objective of the Union as the means of achieving that hope; little is made of his military vision and judgment, so clearly summarized two years ago by the English General Ballard; little or nothing is made of his philosophy of individualism as the ideal of republican government set out in his permanent contribution to American political literature, far and away superior to any contributed by others on either side of the struggle. Lincoln was the thinker and spokesman of his era on its political side. Lee was the finest flower of manhood and of generalship furnished by his side of the controversy, and the last five years of his life were, from all we know, beautiful. In their private lives and character both leaders were irreproachable. As protagonists of their period, Lincoln stood for the humanity and development of all men; Lee stood for an aristocratic ideal of great antiquity, doomed to pass away before the newer world tendencies of popular education and economic opportunity. As a historian, Mr. Dodd declines to interpret his facts; perhaps he is right. Possibly he does not care to have these three chapters looked upon as the estimate of a critical historical essay.

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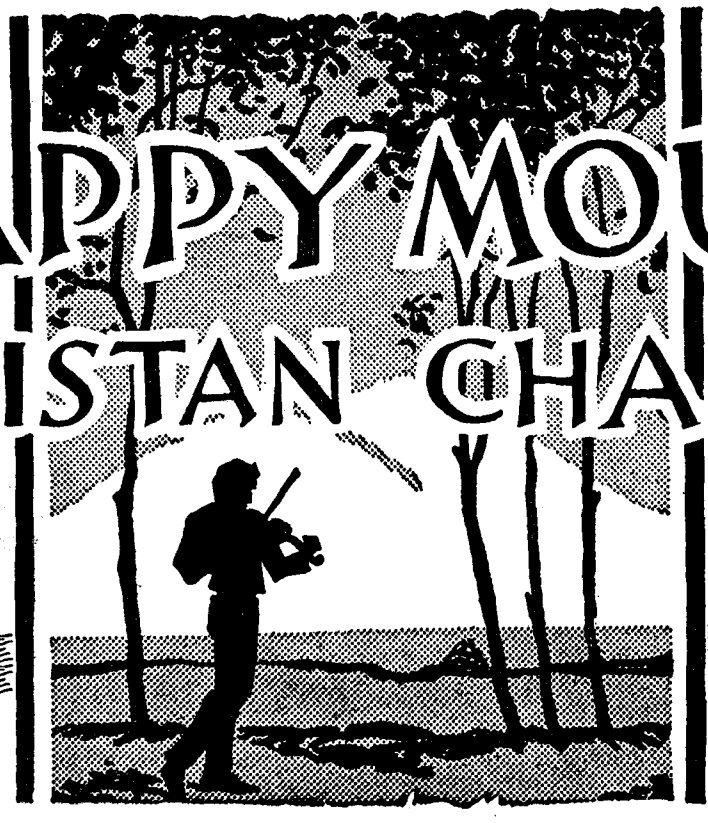
By MARISTAN CHAPMAN



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Books of Special Interest

Behaviorism Again

PSYCHOLOGICAL CARE OF INFANT AND CHILD. By JOHN B. WATSON. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by F. L. WELLS
Boston Psychopathic Hospital

THE explicit goal is to do what can be done towards duplicating Emmett Holt's classic, for the mental life of the child. Watson could have written five years ago everything of importance here. Then the comparison with Holt might in some sort have held; now this place belongs to Thom's "Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child," and the present book takes rank as a special plea for a principle.

In whatever Watson writes one can be sure of distinctive and vigorous rhetoric. On vital themes he speaks out of the abundance of the heart and does not sidestep or pussyfoot. Nor is he an "unfermented" man. Together these things have given him a hold on the intelligent lay public such as no one in the psychological field has had for a generation. His thesis is that nurture is practically all and nature practically nothing. An energetic and healthy view whatever the facts may be, for in this faith we shall certainly get more done than if we think original nature throws the dice as well as loads them. The words most to be applauded in this book are those in which Watson strikes hard at the illusion of breeding as a method of morality, and for fewer children given the most our culture affords. A constructive suggestion is the opportunity of maternity hospitals for training mothers-to-be in the technique of infant care. There are excellent hints on the play-life of the young child, with special reference to over-plus of toys. The remarks on sex life at this age are generally sound, and the rule in many enlightened households, though there are difficulties in starting these policies after the child reaches school age that might be made clearer.

Not the best-disposed of critics, however, can grant that the volume gives a proportioned account of its topic. The outlook is from experience quite specialized for infant years, in the presence of a high level of equipment and service. The result is a general over-simplification. On the practical side, witness the treatment of destructiveness. For Watson it is essentially a matter of poor mental hygiene with toys. Thom gives a wider and different view. Or again the temper tantrum. This chapter has interesting prophylactic suggestions, but as the tantrum does not lend itself to a simple unconditioning technique, Watson's system has relatively little help to offer.

Parenthetically "Bacon," either Francis or Roger, lived no part of his life in the so-called fifteenth century. If the passage on p. 41 about "raw material to make a man" means anything, it means that birth is a sort of critical point, after which all is given from the environment, no conduct patterns develop from within, and constitutional factors do not effect the way the environment is accepted. There should be a Tex Rickard of the intelligentsia to arrange a set-to on this question between the learned author and Dr. Walter Timme. Faithful adherence to Watson's basic principle implies a control of the child's environment that is of doubtful wisdom, as well as closer than practical in our culture. If Watson's views are correct, it is easy from a laboratory standpoint to bring up a child without conditioned fears, but how much else will he have? The game is not to glass-case the child away from stimuli that condition fear, but to educate him to deal with emotion-producing stimuli as they arise. That is the way to create the "problem-solving child" of Watson's ideal; not giving him the fewest problems to solve, but giving him the best technique for solving those of normal experience.

Having the charm of a personalized record by an interesting personality, the volume must accept its limitations. How "the" behaviorist studies infants and children is hardly so exclusive a process as the general reader might be led to suppose. "Almost frantic interest" may be an orthodox behaviorese formulation of the common attitude toward the topic, but would sound strange in the mouth of Gesell, or Thom, or the lamented Bird Baldwin. As an approach to philosophy, behaviorism vies with psychoanalysis in popular concern, though the pundits of psychology all but forgot it in scrambling for the bandwagon of *Gestalt*.

The Cash Value of Life

HEALTH AND WEALTH. By LOUIS I. DUBLIN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT M. TUCKER, JR.

TO measure the value of health and life in dollars and to reduce these assets to their proper place in the nation's balance sheet is a difficult problem, but an appraisal in terms of human life in cash values is the outstanding feature of this volume. As far as we know, Dr. Dublin's book marks the first broad attempt to reach an evaluation of public health activities, not in terms of efficiency in accomplishing its aim, but in dollars and cents.

Dr. Dublin, who is the statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is peculiarly fitted to discuss the problems of public health from this angle, for one is inclined to have more faith in studies and in the conclusions reached, at least so far as they are presented in economic terms, by one who is not a medically trained scientist employed in public health, but rather a business man representing interests concerned not only in saving lives, but in saving them economically, efficiently, and profitably from the viewpoint of the balance sheet of a business office. The life insurance companies are, of course, primarily interested in making money and what lends special value to such a study as this, is not so much what is said regarding the advances of medical science, the extension of public health activities, and the education of the public to better methods of living, but that what is spent in such operations shows a real financial profit. One life insurance company alone has spent over twenty million dollars in health education, nursing, and other activities aimed at promoting the health of their policy-holders, and they compute that as a result they have saved in the payment of death claims well over twice that sum. It strengthens one's faith enormously in a public health program when a hard-headed corporation can show such money profits by saving lives.

The book is almost wholly a reprint of papers and addresses by Dr. Dublin and covers a broad range of subjects dealing with public health problems, the cash value of life, the cost of sickness and of untimely death, the problems of such specific diseases as tuberculosis, heart disease, and cancer, and the broad questions involved in the population problem, its rate of increase, the expectation of life, the effects of birth control, immigration and education, and the much mooted question of prohibition. It concludes with the discussion of the future and possibilities of the whole public health movement.

Without being tiresomely statistical, Dr. Dublin's book should do much to clarify the interpretation of statistics and should prove valuable to the many whose lack of training leads to muddled thinking in drawing conclusions from statistical generalities; for instance, he brings out clearly the often misunderstood situation that extending the average span of life does not mean prolonging longevity. More of us to-day escape early death and live to old age than formerly, but, having attained a certain degree of longevity—he sets sixty-five as "the threshold of old age"—, our expectation of life, our chance of joining the centenarians, is little if any greater than in past years. We save and prolong the lives of our children, but we do not prolong the lives of our grandparents.

One of the most original and interesting, but at the same time the most doubtful, sections of the book is the first chapter, in which the author attempts to reduce to money and cents the cash values of human lives. He says that raising a child to the age of eighteen costs about ten thousand dollars, and if we capitalize his probable future net earnings, beyond his expenditure, his present worth, if he is of the wage-earner class in the $2,500 a year income group, is about $29,000 dollars. By the same reasoning, he concludes that a child of this class is worth about $10,000 at birth. Whether we base our argument on the cost of raising a child or on the potential earnings of future years, life has a very real cash value, and he computes the value of the population of the United States as an asset of some one trillion, five billion dollars, or about five times the value of our material wealth. Frankly, a good bit of this reasoning appears a bit fanciful, for one is by no means sure that earning capacity in dollars is any adequate measure of one's real value and usefulness to the race. It would be pitiful to think of the picayune cash value, computed on this basis, of "baby" college professors, clergymen, or, for that matter, public health workers, and one wonders if prize-fighters and movie sheiks are worth quite as much as such a value would indicate. The value of a baby is a pretty uncertain thing to estimate, and one is reminded of the mother of a large family who wouldn't take a million dollars for one of her children, but wouldn't give five cents for a dozen more. One wonders if we would really be better off if our population density of about ninety a square mile were increased to that of India with something over two hundred, and if a large population is the *summum bonum* of a nation's life. But, whatever we may think of these figures, the fact remains that there is an immense and totally unnecessary wastage of human life involving tremendous economic loss, and Dr. Dublin's argument that a far more liberal expenditure for the prevention of sickness and unnecessary death would be the wisest investment we could make is undoubtedy sound, whether we view the question from sentimental and humanitarian viewpoints or simply as a cold-blooded business.

Dr. Dublin's studies on the cost of sickness and medical services are illuminating and full of suggestion, particularly what is said regarding physicians' fees and pay clinics. We wish that he had touched on the ticklish question of "state medicine." In the discussion of population questions, the effects of birth control and immigration and kindred questions, there will be found much stimulus, although one may often disagree with his conclusions. We might wish that in his consideration of the influence of immigration, a little more attention had been given to the relation of immigration to the native birth-rate. But however one may disagree with his conclusions, the book is of real value and should do much to stimulate a broader interest and a more generous support, for these measures aim at preventing sickness and postponing death.

Once in a blue moon,
COMES A BOOK LIKE THIS!

from a review by BRUCE GOULD
in N. Y. Eve. Post

Once in a blue moon comes a story which recaptures that almost forgotten period when we were very young, indeed. Such a blue moon is now hovering over the publishing field with the appearance of Norman Matson's new novel, "Day of Fortune" (Century, $2.50).
Doubtless we could do nothing better to stimulate an interest in this book than to quote the entire two pages devoted to the expedition of Peter, Heinie and little Martin to the river. For that incident alone the book is worth reading. We don't quote it, for we are confident that you will obtain the book if the inspired intimacy of Matson's vision of childhood awakens any response in your heart and memory.
Here is childhood which reawakens memories left untouched by "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." The nearest approach to Matson's accomplishment can be credited to the author of "Seventeen," Booth Tarkington. But there has always been an adult smirk, a cruel sense of poking fun, in Tarkington's depiction of the gaucheries of childhood which has detracted, for us, from his otherwise moving account of children.
You will search long, indeed, before you find a novel which as well brings a family from babyhood to young manhood before your eyes. Matson's is a glowing realism, letting no detail escape, investing it with that unreality of childish dreams which proves such a stumbling block for most writers.
DAY-
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"A genuine realistic novel of unusual merit." —*Wm. Lyon Phelps*

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By
NORMAN MATSON

DAY *of* FORTUNE

A NOVEL YOU WILL READ AND TALK ABOUT!

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A Letter from Switzerland

By René Rapin

SOME years ago the present French Ambassador to the United States, M. Claudel, said of the Swiss author, C. F. Ramuz: "How people will laugh, fifty years hence, when they hear how many mediocrities were puffed up by the newspapers in the very years when Ramuz was publishing for the delectation of a happy few 'Terre du Ciel' or 'Guérison des Maladies.'" A man who has given his (all too blind) contemporaries such masterpieces as (to take widely different examples) "Aline," "Samuel Belet," "Présence de la Mort," "Passage du Poète," a man whose pictures of the Vaud and Valais countryside have the firm relief, the savor, earthiness, and intimacy, the decision and epic grandeur of Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath and Froome Valley, a creator like Ramuz, has won the right to look upon his work, find it good, and rest. This, however, is what no creator ever does do, and Ramuz is no exception. Every new book he writes seems to give a final, a perfect version of the lake, the vineyards, the mountains. Yet, no sooner has Ramuz unveiled once more the beauty that surrounds us—our eyes open to it as for the first time—, no sooner has he expressed our country, its vignerons, paysans, and petits bourgeois with (it seems) unsurpassable precision and truth, than the world is again new and unsung before Ramuz's eyes, and he must needs praise it again, again try to capture the beauty that for ever eludes the artist's patient gaze. Of this patience (and fecundity) of Ramuz there are no better proofs than his three books of 1927: the new revised edition of "Aline"; "Vendanges," a short sketch of his *vacances de vendanges* as a small *collégien*; "La Beauté sur la Terre," his latest book and a full-length novel.

"Aline" is Ramuz's first novel. When it first came out (Paris, Perrin, 1905), Ramuz was a young man of twenty-seven and altogether unknown. "Aline" did not bring him fame. How could it? A simple story, simply told, it was not calculated to take the world by storm. Its subject is that of the first part of "Tess": a poor country-girl's seduction by a rich young man. But, unlike Tess, Aline loves her seducer and, when he deserts her, she kills her sick baby and hangs herself. A crude enough story. But the story, in "Aline," is nothing. What gives the book its unique quality is the idyllic atmosphere of the first pages, the growing pathos, the repressed tenderness (Ramuz has none of the French realist's indifference, assumed as real, to the sufferings of his characters). The book—an unusual trait in so young a writer—has remarkable restraint, Ramuz never sentimentalizing, nor ever once indulging in Hardy-like sneers at Providence. The inevitableness of Aline's experiences makes it (and makes her) all the more pathetic: a mere child, living a secluded life with her widowed mother (a rigid Puritan), her complete surrender of herself to her lover cannot but make her the victim of his calculating (naively calculating) cowardice, and of his fear of the consequences; his growing estrangement she can the less understand as her own love is growing bigger all the time, and, when the final blow falls on her, hers is the helpless, uncomprehending grief of a child's first contact with cruelty or pain. Ramuz's art and scope were to become deeper, wider, more complex, but he never surpassed the ingenuous charm of "Aline," nor did he ever strike a nicer balance between his abilities and his subject.

The new version of "Aline" is an almost word for word reprint of the original edition. A close comparison of the two reveals, however, countless little differences: an unnecessary adverb, conjunction, or "he said" is struck off here, an expressive word added there, a more colloquial replaces a more literary turn of phrase,—all the changes making for greater precision of scene and gesture. The corrections are so minute as to give a good idea of Ramuz's fastidious thoroughness (exemplified also in the two versions of "La Beauté sur la Terre"), so trifling as to prove how little even he found to correct in his earliest story.

"Vendanges," most sumptuously printed on Van Gelder rag-paper, is a perfect example of Ramuz's later narrative art and of the charm of his early memories.

A marshy plain with its mysterious amphibious denizens, and putrid, half repellent, half fascinating smells; high, unsubstantial-looking mountains hemming it in on two sides; vineyards on the lower slopes, gray and cold in morning mists, bright and dry and warm at autumn noon, their sharply-cut leaves now drooping with chilly moisture, now blazing in ardent colors, some "quite yellow, some green still and spotted with brown, or canary-colored with splashes of red, others with blue traces of the last sulphurations"; "the yellowish earth, clammy, slippery, slugs and snails creeping over it, trailing a silver ribbon in their wake; the big bunches with their serried green grapes, or bigger grapes less closely pressed, brown-tinged on their sunny sides, tight-held sometimes in the clasp of a leaf, eluding our eager fingers even when we had cut the stalk"; the vintagers bending, unbending, bending again; Ramuz and his friends escaping from the grape-gathering (a woman's work!) into the forbidden security of the deep cellar shaking with the tireless groaning of the huge wine-press ("quand ça chante, ça grince, ça craque, ça soupire, ça gémit"), a strong smell of must pervading the vault, wavering candle-light projecting high on the walls immense shadows of men, ropes, and press: a child's gaze takes it all in, his senses drink the heady beauty of the scene, and, oh, the strange rich jumble it all makes in his head when, his imagination stimulated and confused by the darkness, the subtle fumes, fitful lights, the novelty of his position and the sense of secretly participating (children are not allowed in the cellars) in the sacred mystery of the wine, he sees in the *vignerons* and their gestures the gestures and the presence of Noah, Shem, Japheth and impious Ham, time and space are abolished, the wonder-world and reality are one.

"La Beauté sur la Terre," like several others of Ramuz's latest books ("Guèrison des Maladies," "Les Signes parmi Nous," "Présence de la Mort," "Amour du Monde") is the study of a peaceful Vaudois *milieu* under the influence of a disturbing alien presence. This element—a sick young girl who takes upon herself the diseases and afflictions of others ("Guérison des Maladies"), the menace and approach of the end of the world ("Les Signes parmi Nous," "Présence de la Mort"), the cinema, the call of the exotic, a madman walking in white flowing robes on the shores of Lake Leman and by many believed to be Christ ("Amour du Monde"), the disturbing element, slowly gathering momentum and strength, imperils the complacency and torpor of the little town or village it has invaded, until—as befits a "civilized" country—it is evicted in the end and legality, gentility, and sleep resume their former sway.

In "La Beauté sur la Terre" the scene is a peaceful lakeside village somewhere between Lausanne and Geneva. The sudden arrival of exotic beauty—a girl of nineteen, the niece of one of the village *cafétiers*, left an orphan in Cuba—stirs the village to passion, resentment, and strife. The girl utters perhaps half a dozen sentences and is never described: but—the triumph of indirect narration—we are made to feel and *see* the full *éclat* of her beauty by its impact on the village. The girl is almost entirely passive; she would fain be left alone (beauty is sufficient unto itself): men, young men and old men, fight, live, hate for her; they must tame her, possess her. Their unceasing, unrelenting longing makes life impossible for her: to be herself she must fly from them, and the end of the book shows her setting out on a wandering life, alone with a hunchback musician who only lives for his art.

A more complete analysis of the book is impossible here. It would show its richness, the precision, and truth of the location, the simplicity and directness of the characterization (most of it being done in conversation, narrative, and soliloquy), the growing tension and excitement of the story (one of the triumphs of the book being the breathless pursuit of the girl by the wildest of her admirers—I know no superior to it in any literature). Masterly also is the convergence towards the end of the book of all the threads of the intrigue and of the three (typically Ramuzian) motifs of the fête, the storm, and the fire.

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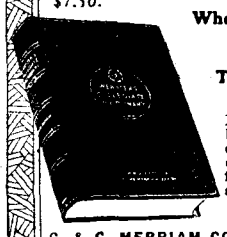

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Aug. 1, 1914: Hauled King George out of bed at 1:30 A.M. on receipt of news of Tsar's decree for complete Russian mobilization.
Cabinet meeting, August 1. Lloyd George all for peace; Winston Churchill very bellicose and demanding immediate mobilization.

Aug. 3: Germany invades Belgium.

Aug. 4: Ultimatum to Germany. Winston has on all his war paint.

Aug. 5: Kitchener installed in War Office.

Aug. 6: Cabinet resembles "a gang of Elizabethan buccaneers."

Aug. 31: Would submerge troublesome Ireland for ten years under the waves of the Atlantic.

Sept. 29: Americans become disagreeable over seizure of cargoes.

Oct. 1: Belgians need starch infused in their backbones.

Jan. 8, 1915: Admiral Fisher wanted to shoot German prisoners.

Mar. 10: Russia wanted to make sure of Constantinople.

Mar. 13: Lloyd George does not care a damn for the Jews.

April 1: Lloyd George would buy out the drink trade at a cost of £250,000,000.
Admiral Fisher afflicted with megalomania.

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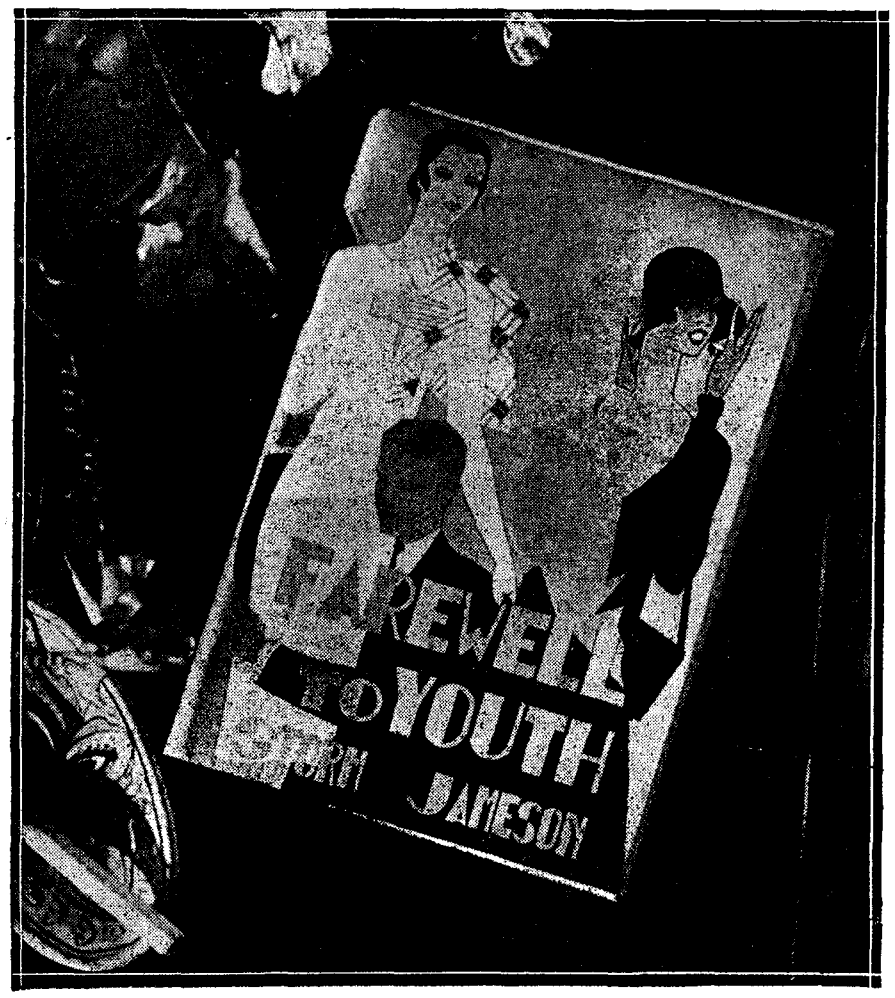

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Points of View

"Lackawanna Spooners"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Dear Sir:

Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, for the first time, seems to me a little arrogant in her assumption of unique knowledge in her recollection of the old song, "Lackawanna Spooners." See Mar. 3, '28, p. 645, *Review.*

The boys of my own particular set, known in rustic old Chillicothe, Ohio, as "the West Second Street Gang," were reared to the martial air of "Lackawanna Spooners."

Many a long trudge along river, creek, and hill was lightened as by the inspiring strains of a military brass band, by John Poland's fine boyish baritone leading off in the enchanted strains of

Here we are, two Lackawanna Spooners;
While we're here keep your eyes upon us;
For we load coal-boats from Harlem to Gowanus;
We're the two selected Spooners of the Gang!

As through the streets we march like soldiers,
Baskets and shovels we carry on our shoulders;
For to get a job of work there's none that can be bolder
Than the Two Selected Spooners of the Gang!
CHORUS: *Wow!, etc.*

On Saturday nights we stand upon the corner
Along with the gang that bears the roll of honor;
In the Hibernian Hall we're going to raise a banner
In honor of the Lackawanna Gang....
CHORUS: *Wow!, etc.*

(All sing!)

CHORUS:
Wow! Here we are, Two Lackawanna Spooners;
While we're here keep your eyes upon us,
For we load coal-boats from Harlem to Gowanus;
We're the Two Selected Sponers of the Gang!

It has now been fifty years since I joined in that chorus coming down the bold hill to town, when coffee and bacon smelled so good in the twilight frosty air of fall; so you must pardon my lack of memory beyond the above. But far from being alone, Mrs. Becker is here put on notice that wherever a member of the old West Second Street Gang abides, there abides also unextinguished recollection of that fine old marching song, air, *Wow*, and all. I am always loth to disturb anyone's happy sense of being possessor of what used to be known in the Century Company's editorial department as something "Unusually Unique"; but in this case memory rebels against being segregated with the densely ignorant..

If George C. Tyler, of New York, has forgotten it; if Wm. B. Poland, of Cincinnati, has forgotten it; if Frederick L. Dunlap, of Chicago, has forgotten it; if Wm. Carson McCoy, of St. Louis, has forgotten it; if John A. Poland, of Chillicothe, has forgotten it, or Charles Carey Waddell, of New York, I greatly miss my guess.

It is true that Wm. Poland excelled in "Old Rosin-the-Bow"; Chas. Carey Waddell in his wonderful rendition of "The Golden Shore"; and George C. Tyler's specialty was "Pins and Needles by the Dozen"; while Frederick Dunlap was famous for his introduction of "The Bonny Blue Flag" into our mutually Federal midst; while John Poland was inimitable with any good "Come-all-ye" that ever was sung. It is also true that "My Name is Joe Bowers" was a strong favorite; and that upon occasion the quiet neighborhood where we foregathered o' nights was outraged by a roaring rendition of that touching ballad

Ich sacht dein Vater du bist nichts schwer!

But of all the songs rendered there was none which timed the trudging foot-beat of that gang so often as the "Lackawanna Spooners." I trust not too much to have humiliated Mrs. Becker's pride by this remembrance. And beg to remain

Very reminiscently yours,
JOHN BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

Scholasticus Redivivus

(*Vide Saturday Review*, June 23)

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Some weeks ago your gentle-readers' journal
By a vindictive complex was possessed,
And, breaking through its wonted calm external,
It registered a passionate unrest.

Arming with hand-grenades its sprightly pages,
It charged the unsuspecting M. L. A.,*
And butchered us, with clamor most outrageous,
To make an editorial holiday.

Finding ourselves somehow alive thereafter,—
Still craving ground to cumber, facts to eat,—
We note, with an accustomed weary laughter,
The unexploded duds about our feet.

Our printed stuff, say those who deprecate us,
The inspirational has ever lacked.
Less do we claim, indeed, divine afflatus
Than they who spurn the common touch of fact.

However, these so ponderous publications,
Warbling *en masse* their native footnotes neat,
Are not put out as ego-revelations;
The man is not therein contained complete.

When a scholar's not engaged in his profession
Of accumulating bibliography,
He's as capable of soulful self-expression
As a literary editor might be.

But tired, perhaps, of self-complacent clever
Who go to market weekly with their soul,
To some small truth he dedicates endeavor,
Having a kind of reverence for the Whole.

Perhaps you will not give the statement credence,
But I say there will always be a few
Who had rather lose their soul among the pedants
Than save it with the *Saturday Review.*

BEATRICE DAW BROWN.

Oxford, England.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I read with extreme interest Professor Robert Dunlop's fine review (published in your issue of June 2) of the recent book by Benedict Fitzpatrick, "Ireland and the Foundations of Europe," which I am myself at present engaged in perusing. The book is truly a revelation and it is nothing short of astonishing that a world of the spirit could have existed so long with the rest of us so ignorant about it. The book is a truly authentic witness to medieval Ireland as the sanctuary of culture and to the work of her missionaries and scholars in replanting civilization in Great Britain and the countries of the European continent.

To me one of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on "Irish Literary Colonies on the Continent," which follows the five wonderful chapters on Johannes Scotus Eriugena and Sedulisus Scotus of Liège. In that chapter on page 266, Mr. Fitzpatrick makes the claim that the scholars and clerics and even the bishops of Laon and Compiègne and others at the court of Charles the Bald studied Irish literature and the Irish language during the Hiberno-Greek renaissance there in the ninth century. Now if such a thing was true it would be a marvelous feather in the cap of Ireland, for at that time English was a mere uncouth savage jargon that was to remain without a literature for seven hundred years, and neither French nor German had been admitted to the honor of literate speech. But is it true? Does the phrase—"ubi Graeca et abatrusa et interdum Scottica et alta barbara"—which occurs in the tirade of Hincmar, bishop of Rheims, against his nephew, Hincmar, bishop of Laon, mean that the former accuses the younger prelate of studying the Greek language and the Irish language, when he was not proficient even in the language in which he was born, or mean simply that the nephew was engaging in studies of which the Greek and the Irish schoolmen were the professed exponents? I wonder if there is some professor of Latin among your readers who could make more clear this point on which I am having some discussion.

T. C. BUTLER.

Kew Gardens, L. I.

* Modern Language Association.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

WINGS OF SONG. By DOROTHY CARUSO and TORRANCE GODDARD. Minton, Balch. 1928. $3.50.

Caruso's wife and her sister have, in this volume, written the life of the greatest of tenors. It is a very moving book. The story is honestly set down, told in all fulness, packed with human detail. It is a work of devotion, yet clear-sighted, appreciative of the human shortcomings and the humorous aspects of a genius of song, as well as of his great gifts and his extraordinarily dominating personality. Above all it is a book that one cannot stop reading, once begun. The narrative has the strong, exciting interest of a good novel. Rarely has a singer's life been so vividly portrayed in all its lights and shadows. One follows all the turns of fortune with keen relish. A living and breathing personality emerges, and the close of the narrative is poignant.

The authors have succeeded in writing without sentimentality and yet with deep feeling. The story is also the story of Dorothy Caruso, the story of a remarkable, keen-eyed, and yet (by inference, for Mrs. Caruso exercises great taste and tact in telling her part) self-forgetful love. This is one of the biographies that deserves to endure both as a record of the life behind the scenes of a great artist and as a powerful human document. It is never overstressed or maudlin, sensational or insincere. It has warmth and color and richness as a prose fabric. And yet it is told in simple, forthright language.

Drama

SOME GENTLEMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WILLIAM VAN WYCK. Paris: Edward W. Titus. 1928.

Into his early book of dramatic monologues, Mr. Van Wyck attempted to pack the color, greed, pageant, and crowded beauty of the Renaissance. Since Browning the dramatic monologue in verse has dwindled into an unaccountable negligence. Ezra Pound in "Personæ" frankly essayed an alteration of personality—or of masks, to be accurate—in order to give the vascular strength and body of heteroclite characters, among whom there happened to be a handful of poets, although *persona* if it represents the same disguise that Harlequin or the Doctor were, is not precisely the best word to use in this connection.

In his earlier volume, entitled "Florentines," employing a dignified blank verse, the cinquecento characters of Lorenzo, Savonarola (later amplified in his dramatic biography "Savonarola" in a form that was frankly inspired by Gobineau), Vespuccio, Della Robbia, and Montesseco, Mr. Van Wyck has managed to fuse his subject with poetry. In each case the characters explain themselves not too pointedly, for the poet has preferred to seize his people in a hiatus of self-searching, of doubt, or calm self-satisfaction. They do not talk about themselves with the garrulity of wound-up puppets, and they are not obviously helping us out, as in the old plays, with the hidden portions of the plot. In "Some Gentlemen of the Renaissance," Mr. Van Wyck has carried this method further. His blank verse has become subtler and his self-searching heroes, notably Richelieu, now speak with a greater accent of reality and truth. In handling Giotto, Michelangelo, Galileo, and Richelieu, Mr. Van Wyck has become more dramatic than in the earlier book, because he has made his characters concentrate on certain vivid particulars in their lives, whereas in "Florentines" they contented themselves with rather more general statements about themselves. In his last book Mr. Van Wyck has shown himself, in consequence, to be a poet who achieves both poetry and drama by a quality which Henry James usually prescribed for the novelist: perfect saturation.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND RESTORATION STAGE. By *Leslie Hotson*. Harvard University Press. $5.

THE EMPEROR JONES. By *Eugene O'Neill*. Limited Edition. Boni & Liveright.

Education

MORE THINGS TO DRAW. By *E. G. Lutz*. Scribners. $2.

GRANDFATHER'S FARM. By *Helen S. Read*. Scribners. 60 cents.

A STORY ABOUT BOATS. By *Helen S. Read*. Scribners. 60 cents.

AN AIRPLANE RIDE. By *Helen S. Read*. Scribners. 60 cents.

AN ENGINE'S STORY. By *Helen S. Read*. Scribners. 60 cents.

AMERICAN LITERATURE THROUGH ILLUSTRATIVE READINGS. By *Sarah E. Simons*. Scribners.

Fiction

THE RIVER. By TRISTRAM TUPPER. Lippincott. 1928. $2.50.

Remembering "Jorgensen," we find "The River" disappointing. This later novel by Mr. Tupper has some of the qualities that made the earlier work unusual and gratifying. It is sensitive, picturesque in setting, and decorated with a few characters out of the common run. But the whole affair is weak and confused where "Jorgensen" was clear and vigorous; Mr. Tupper seems not to have had the power to repeat himself effectively. "The River" takes us to the railroad construction camp near the tunnel that was built in "Jorgensen"; we see the contractors, the engineers, the hangers-on, and we sense the atmosphere of the construction work. The protagonist, a youth of seventeen, falls in love with Rosalee, an amateur camp-follower who is his elder in experience and years. This Rosalee is probably the best thing in the book; we get no real understanding of her, however, and we fear that Mr. Tupper was not really comfortable in her presence. The fundamental trouble with "The River" is that Mr. Tupper writes in a veiled, confused style. Characters and incidents are seen through a fog that, we suppose, represents his romantic interpretation of them. Since the narrative is essentially riotous and barbaric, this fog merely irritates us. A chapter now and then is memorable, but the novel as a whole is unsatisfactory.

JOHN READ, AMERICAN. By EDWIN C. WASHBURN. Grafton Press. 1928. $2.50. P

Strictly defined, this semi-historical narrative cannot be termed a novel, since the purely fictitious characters are completely overshadowed by the magnitude of national events in which they play but insignificant part. The period is the critical year of 1860, with the catastrophe of the Civil War looming near, and the central issue is the Lincoln-Seward race for the presidential nomination. John Read, a young Maine Yankee of legal bent, a stanch Lincoln partisan, secures a job in the office of a prominent Lowell attorney, who despatches him to Iowa on a debt-collecting mission. The youth's journey westward provides admirable opportunities for a vivid panoramic presentation of the stressful conditions which were rapidly forcing the country to disunion—opportunities of which the author takes full and splendid advantage. John tarries in Chicago as a spectator of the Republican convention, gains a close view of eminent political figures in action, returns to Lowell fired by admiration of Old Abe, and goes on the stump to help elect his hero. As for John, his love story, his girl, his family, and his one enemy, all these are negligible in comparison with the mighty events taking place around them which we view through their eyes. Mr. Washburn has obviously prepared his book from a most thorough and fruitful study of source authorities.

FRENCH LEAVE. By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

Just why 1884 was chosen as the time for the events of "French Leave" is never made clear; we are never allowed to forget the year. But at any rate we meet the county families of Ireland, all very respectable and all completely occupied with their hunting and their estates. Indeed, the novel suffers somewhat from an excess of gentility, and the tone is inclined to be superficial throughout. Many readers, however, will be perfectly content with this light portrait of a sporting set and their hangers-on.

The story is of two young people who, through supposed incompatibility with their parents, leave their homes to study art in Paris. There are contumely and tears from the parents. But the protestations are useless, and the rest of the novel deals with getting them settled in Paris, keeping them there for a time, and finally getting one of them back to Ireland and into the arms of the appropriate sweetheart. Occasional flashes of character and atmosphere make us hope for better things, but this hope soon fades. The novel remains polite, but without the breath of life.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE INVADER. By HILDA VAUGHAN. Harper. 1928. $2.50.

The rustic Welsh are notoriously hostile to their landlord class, a racial characteristic which is given vigorous play as the motive of this distinctive, richly entertaining novel. Daniel Evans, fiery-tempered and middle-aged bachelor, is a tenant farmer who has occupied the same property—Plas Newydd, the finest farmstead in the region—since his youth. Through his industrious pursuit of sheep-raising he has prospered to an extent which will enable him within a year to buy the land and house for his own. But without warning there suddenly arrives on the scene a truculent English spinster, lately teacher in a women's agricultural college, who has inherited Daniel's home and acres. So favorably does Plas Newydd impress her that she decides at once to oust Daniel and his old mother from its tenancy, and take over the working of the farm herself. Daniel wrathfully submits to his ejection, declaring war upon the hated newcomer, rents a small neighboring sheep-farm, and enlists the aid of his loyal fellow yokels craftily to contrive the failure of the Englishwoman's undertaking. Here the tribal code of the Welsh reveals its strength and ingenuity when driven to defense of self-constituted, disregarded rights. A year of relentless persecution, which she is impotent to stop, all but bankrupts the spinster and compels her return to England. Daniel then goes back triumphantly to his old love, Plas Newydd.

ARACHNE. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1928. $2.25.

This is a skittish version, something in Professor Erskine's manner, of the myth of Athenê and Arachne. The goddess represents technical perfection and academic judgments; though she also typifies celestial Wisdom she is pedantic and humorless. The mortal spinner is lovely and lively; being a genius, she is by definition incomprehensible, even to the divinities who instruct her in the methods of art, and she is both wayward and wilful. Partly because she defies the arbitrary conventions on which Athenê insists, partly because she displays amid her limitations the wonder of human aspiration, she wins the contest with the goddess, from whose astonished wrath she is saved by a trick. Her victory must be admitted an easy one, since Mr. Phillpotts steadily begs the question by putting pedantry in the scales against genius. Yet the goddess is perhaps the conqueror in the end. Mr. Phillpotts has presumed to disparage Wisdom; and Wisdom, though she has permitted him one or two good things, has her quiet revenge. Despite his frequently able dialectic, despite his gift for fine description and occasional lively narrative, Mr. Phillpotts remains, like the defeated goddess of his fable, fundamentally illogical and consistently dull.

THE SPANISH PRISONER. By FREEMAN TILDEN. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

We salute Mr. Tilden. He made us laugh several times as we read "The Spanish Prisoner," and during the intervals we were either chuckling or genuinely interested in the fortunes of his amiable characters. This novel should be gratefully received, for today light fiction does not flourish. Mr. Tilden is urbane, inventive, and intelligent; he gives us delightful dialogue, and his style is always gracious. If he progresses steadily along this same road, there is no reason why he should not become as perennially popular as George A. Birmingham or P. G. Wodehouse. In this particular novel he tells of the Spanish adventures of a Californian realtor and his family; there is excitement as ruffians grow bold, Spanish young men amorous, and Latin temperaments unpredictable. Through it all, Mr. Tilden passes shrewd comment upon the American ways of thinking and feeling. His realtor is not unworthy to stand beside George F. Babbitt. Altogether, the novel is highly recommended as entertainment for the discriminating reader.

THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN. By FRANCES MOCATTA. G. Howard Watt. 1928. $2.

Black and white blood can mix only with the assurance of ultimate tragedy for the children of the union. To demonstrate that thesis is the whole purpose of "The Forbidden Woman." Essentially a piece of propaganda, the novel is noisily emotional and melodramatic. Frances Mocatta obviously is in earnest, but her earnestness merely makes her failure pitiable. Her style is often insufferable, and her sense of character is untrustworthy. We receive from her novel merely the impression of a hysterical voice, crying in agony, "Don't—don't—don't——."

THE LADY ZIA. By PATRICK WYNNTON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

In his third romance Mr. Wynnton still carries on the fading Graustark tradition, here launching a bored Englishman into the thick of a factional struggle between rival dictators of the toy Balkan state, Calendhaute. Penhaven was fed up with moneyed idleness, so when the Gray Battalions, commanded by the gigantic General Russkoff, forced him under pain of death to enlist in their number, he was not loath to comply. His willingness was furthered also by a vision of Ruskoff's beautiful wife, (in name only) the Countess Zia. The coup by which Russkoff has planned to seize uncontested mastery of the country is checkmated by treachery at a critical moment; Zia is left a widow, and Penhaven renounces single-blessedness. The tale abounds in high-flown action, is better written than it deserves to be, and seems to show an improvement over the author's preceding work.

THE WALLS OF JERICO. By RUDOLPH FISHER. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

The Negro has lately come forward into a position of prominence in the literature of the day. We have a growing list of Negro authors and an increasingly large number of books dealing with the Negro in American life.

Among the number, "The Walls of Jericho" is rather unique. The book does no proselytizing. It attempts to solve no racial problems. It tells a story essentially Ethiopian in character for the sole sake of its narrative value. And because this novel tells a negroid story with the spontaneity and freedom characteristic of that race it is just so much more effective as a means of calling our attention to the fact that the problem of inter-racial relationships is a pertinent issue. The story moves lightly and rapidly; with a native naturalness and a deal of color. Yet back of all the sprightliness there is a serious voice. A voicce that says neither Yea nor Nay, but merely suggests that all this is worthy of thought. It is this serious note that lends stability to the book as a whole.

The hero of "The Walls of Jerico" is a piano-mover, the heroine a housemaid; its action, for the most part, is laid in the dance-halls, cabarets, and pool-parlors of contemporary Harlem; and its vastly amusing dialogue is that currently to be heard on the sidewalks of Lenox and Seventh Avenues. "Shine" is the "hard-boiled," tough piano-moving hero and he comes to realize a truth that must come to all of us at some point in life—"The guy that's really hard is the guy that's hard enough to be soft." Jinx and Bubber, the Damon and Pythias of Harlem, yet continually quarreling, are two of the most delightful colored characters our fiction has yet given rise to.

At the end of the book there is an introduction, expurgated it is true, to contemporary Harlemese "slanguage," which, aside from being amusing, has a definite philological interest.

UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT. By WARNER FABIAN. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

This slangy, sensational tale of life in one of the larger women's colleges tells the truth, though not the whole truth or nothing but the truth. One must emphatically register a doubt as to whether the author can substantiate his claim that the set he chronicles represents nearly one-fifth of the campus community. In any case, the fact that he injects an inferior quality of paprika into his story of this one-fifth—granting the correctness of his statistics—and refers not at all to the other four-fifths makes the dish he sets before us both unrecognizable and unpalatable.

That college girls crave excitement, that this excitement quite naturally wears masculine dress, is no new story. What Warner Fabian would emphasize—and of course Judge Lindsey and others have preceded him in this—is the ease and impunity with which such excitement may be secured at the present time. Dropping from dormitory windows into the night to go "thicketing" apparently meets with few physical and fewer moral barriers in the author's hypothetical college. Of the girls he chooses to picture, all court disaster, most acquire "experience," only one achieves marriage.

As literature the tale is negligible. The characters have the substance, the diversity, and the vicacity of firecrackers; the plot is little more than a series of flashily popping incidents. As a portrayal of life in a modern woman's college—even as a professedly partial portrayal—the novel bears the same relation to reality as Mr. Woolworth's reproductions to M. Cartier's originals. And to anyone who would see so delicate a problem approached with thoughtfulness and caution, the story's spiciness will seem both meretricious and dangerous.

THE MOUNTAIN. By *St. John G. Ervine*. Macmillan. $2.

THE FIGURED FLAME. By *Jane Darrow*. Century. $2.50.

DAY OF FORTUNE. By *Norman Matson*. Century. $2.50.

WOMEN OF THE MORTE DARTHUR. Dutton. $3.50.

HOMER IN THE SAGE BRUSH. By *James Stevens*. Knopf.

International

ORIENTAL EXCLUSION. By R. D. MCKENZIE. University of Chicago Press. 1928. $2.

Although the Immigration Acts of 1882 and 1924 have made the exclusion of Chinese and Japanese immigrants a *fait accompli* and silenced the successive fears of yellow-peril alarmists, the resulting conditions are neither humane nor satisfactory, thinks Dr. McKenzie, professor of sociology in the University of Washington. In this admirable and dispassionate survey of the Oriental problem on the Pacific Coast and the measures which have been taken to solve it he reveals the discriminations and absurdities in laws which have accomplished the end of stemming a yellow flood to our shores at the cost of misunderstanding and resentment.

Although the author has no axe to grind and subordinates his conclusions almost entirely to the presentation of data upon the

(*Continued on page* 115)

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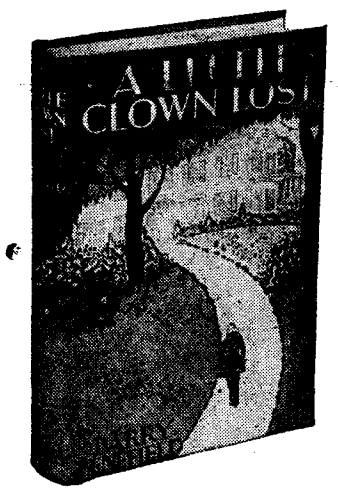

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

J. L. W., Brooklyn, wishes books on musical criticism.

"CROTCHETS," by Percy Scholes (Oxford University Press) is a collection of essays by a scholarly critic with the gift of making a layman understand what he is talking about. These appeared first in the most important Sunday newspaper in England, the *Observer*, and keep along with the writer's London activities, but what he has to say on criticism itself is of general application. As an introduction to modern music the popular—but not too popularized—"Style in Musical Art," by Sir Charles Parry (Macmillan), is sound and clear: the work is based on lectures given at Oxford. A more elementary work is "Appreciation of Music," by Roy D. Welch, professor of music at Smith. This manual, lately published by Harper, presents first principles in non-technical language, explains classic forms such as the fugue, the toccata, the rondo, and rounds the work with test-questions for review and a suggested list of musical examples. The brilliant little "Terpander," Edward J. Dent's contribution to the "To-day and To-morrow Series" (Dutton), is as good for one of those dates as for the other, for its prophecy is based on keen observation.

M. K., New York City, wants something about the choice of books for older children. "I was always having things shoved at me when I was about twelve which I had outgrown and yet wasn't ready for a too prolonged diet of Dickens and "Vanity Fair." The 12-14 gap is hard to fill, since "Huck Finn" and fairy-tales and the "Jungle Books" have all been read. Yet, most of the good ones beyond these prove a little stiff reading under fourteen."

IN Anne Carroll Moore's "Cross-Roads to Childhood" (Doubleday, Doran) there is a chapter on books for this age—and through the teens—so good that it nearly arrested the making of my own book in mid-career, for I could not see what more a parent or teacher needed in the way of advice on stories to be left about where the brook and river meet, or, if you prefer, on the terrain between hay and grass. But Miss Moore was the first to encourage the production of my "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes), and her praise means something. Both these books give actual lists and neither has anything like prescribed reading. That there was, as this inquirer suggests, a real place for such advice as this I have proved from the letters I keep getting about the book from young people. When, for instance, I receive in this mail a letter from one who says he has been "a book-hound in the New York public libraries since seven, and had, as a result, a notion that I 'knew it all', until I read your book—an eye-opener!" I am the more ready to accept his suggestions for other books to be added to subsequent editions.

There are more good books for boys twelve to fourteen being written today than for girls: the popularity of the "Boys Books for Boys," issued by Putnam, of which the best-known are "David Goes Voyaging" and other travels by David Binney Putnam, shows that they are being called for at just this age. "Pedro of the Black Death," by C. M. Bennett (Dutton), was a book it would not have occurred to me to recommend for American small boys, but when (after winning a prize for the best boys' book in England) it came out in the States, small boys everywhere jumped at it, and their comments to me have been most admiring. No doubt they will like his new one, "Mutiny Island" (Dutton), quite as well. Another who appeals to this age is Everett McNeil, whose new book, "The Shadow of the Iroquois," is just published by Dutton.

AS I have lately spoken of one forthcoming book on the important subject of stage lighting and stressed the need of one, I am glad to put with it the forthcoming enlarged and revised edition of another, C. H. Ridge's "Stage Lighting" (Houghton Mifflin), the standard work on this subject in London, which includes large theatres and small, and is adapted also to the conditions of amateur performance.

J. T., Lynchburg, Va., asks for advice in the arrangement of a program for a year's study of Scandinavian countries by a reading club.

FIRST of all, communicate with the American-Scandinavian Foundation, 25 West 45th St., N. Y., the best-organized of the societies for the furtherance of international understanding through books, magazines, and the like. Its publications are most valuable, and its advice, which it often gives me, always good.

Meanwhile, there is "Norway," by Geoffrey Gathorne-Hardy (Scribner), one of an excellent series of surveys of countries of the modern world, and Knut Gjerset's "History of Iceland" (Macmillan), the only book on its subject, comprehensive, scholarly and attractive; the earlier chapters especially so. His two-volume "History of the Norwegian People" (Macmilan) does a like service for old and new Norway. "Denmark and Sweden, with Iceland and Finland," by Jon Stefanson (Putnam), is popular, condensed, and reliable. If the public library contains M. W. Williams's "Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age" (Macmillan), by all means use it freely: it is most interesting in its records of everyday life, politics, and religious rites.

The compiler of programs of Scandinavian literature has the great advantage of being able to draw upon a large stock of excellent translations of books that most American readers take as cheerfully as if they were not translations at all. Books from the French remain exotic to most Americans: translations from modern German literature are for the most part outside our scheme of things: Italian translations are perhaps least adaptable of all. But the general public takes as kindly to "Growth of the Soil" as if it were about the wilder regions of Maine or Vermont. I have had sober-minded Mid-western business men accompany me to my train in order to tell me what they thought of Bojer's "The Great Hunger," and young girls ask why "Lilicrona's Home" was not included in my suggestions for the teen-age, while the success of Ibsen on the American stage was not a matter of intellectual coteries but—in time—of the general run of theatregoers. Under these conditions choice is easy if the committee knows where to find certain authors. "The Prose Edda" is published by the American-Scandinavian Society; "The Laxdaela Saga," translated by Thorstein Veblen, by the Viking Press; an excellent selection of "Translations from the Icelandic," by the Oxford University Press. The plays of Strindberg, Ibsen, and Björnson are published by Scribner, and the more famous ones of each are also in Everyman's: the plays of Holberg are published by the American-Scandinavian, who also have the remarkable "Modern Icelandic Plays" of Johann Sigurjonsson, including "Eyvind of the Hills." One who knows already Otto Heler's "Henrik Ibsen" (Houghton Mifflin) will be glad to add to it Hermann Weigand's "The Modern Ibsen" (Holt), a recent reconsideration of the twelve social dramas. Selma Lagerlöf is published by Doubleday, Doran; Martin A. Nexö by Holt—read his "Pelle the Conqueror" and "Ditte"—Johann Bojer by the Century Company, and Knut Hamsan by Knopf, whose catalogue contains works by several lesser-known, but important Scandinavian writers, including the thought-provoking novel "The Philosopher's Stone," by J. Anker-Larsen. By all means include the work of Scandinavians in America, such as that fine novel, Rölvaag's "Giants in the Earth" (Harper), and the illuminating autobiography, Jensen's "An American Saga," as well as Bojer's study of Norwegians in our Northwest, "The Emigrants" (Century), one of the best of the novels that have been written about the gradual acclimatization of the foreign-born in the United States.

It is fortunate that it is so easy to find this material for reading in English, for there is very little in the way of guide-books of criticism. Even H. H. Boyesen's "Essays on Scandinavian Literature" (Scribner) is out of print. But there is a fine monograph on "Scandinavian Art," by Carl Laurin and others, published by the American-Scandinavian; it lists nearly seven hundred artists and there are a great many illustrations.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 42. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best lines on Receiving an X-Ray Photograph of Him (or Her) self. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of September 24.)

The Reader's Guide!

(*Continued from preceding page*)

E. A. M., Riverton, N. J., asks the best way to proceed in reading and selecting plays for presentation by a local dramatic club.

I DO my best to dodge questions like this, for my responsibility in the recommendation of plays is supposed to end with the reading of them, and I have but a second-hand experience with amateur production. So I shift the responsibility to Barrett Clark, whose "How to Produce Amateur Plays, revised edition (Little, Brown), has, in addition to detailed practical advice on every point in organization, rehearsal, and production by amateurs, a fifty-eight-page classified list of suggested plays, such as have been proved by amateur performance, and a statement of copyright and royalty requirements. This latter is another reason why I walk warily in advising plays for actual performance. Emerson Gifford Taylor's "Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs" (Dutton) has a chapter on the choice of a play, and there is a good deal on the subject in Clarence Stratton's valuable manual "Producing in Little Theatres" (Holt), besides a list of two hundred plays with brief descriptions of their character. This book is rather for little theatre organizations than for the usual dramatic club giving entertainments at irregular intervals, and the plays it describes are many of them of high literary merit. A fine new book, "Theatron" (Holt), is soon coming from Professor Stratton; it will cover every detail of modern theatrical treatment, stylization, expressionism, and the rest.

H. C. J., Superior, Wis., several months ago saw a review of a book of which all she recalls is that it was said to be about Mrs. Gladstone, and the Kansas City Star says I will know what it was.

"MRS. GLADSTONE" (Putnam), a vivacious and sympathetic biography by Mary Gladstone Drew, was published several years instead of several months ago, but it is quite possible reference may have been lately made to it in print, for it is a book that sticks in the mind. I recall it distinctly, for instance, with the vivid impression of Mrs. Gladstone's personality that it gives, but this may have been partly because at the same time I was reading Harold Begbie's "Life of General William Booth" (Macmillan), and the curious parallelism of these two marriages, so like and so unlike, may have helped to keep both wives in memory. Mrs. Gladstone is the heroine of Laurence Housman's "The Comforter," a touching little play in the series called "Angels and Ministers" (Harcourt, Brace). This is out of print, but many public libraries have it.

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THE FLEURON, a Journal of Typography. Edited by STANLEY MORISON. No. VI. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928.

THE successive numbers of *The Fleuron* have served to emphasize the debt which we owe to that small group of English students of typography who gave us first the short-lived *Imprint*, and six volumes of the *Fleuron*. This sixth and latest issue of the latter publication marks the approach of the end of the adventure, and there is something fascinating in a magazine which distinctly and deliberately sets out to publish a given number of issues, and then stop. We are so accustomed to magazines struggling to perpetuate an existence which has long since ceased to have any warrant in necessity (there are several pitiful examples of such magazines now slowly dying on the newsstands), that the common-sense idea of putting a limit to the life of a periodical while it is still in the full tide of success and interest is so novel as to seem strange. But as a suggestion of hunger after a meal, or a speaker who stops while we are still willing to listen, serves to whet our appetites, so a magazine grows more precious when we realize that it will not continue long enough to jade our interest.

The sixth number of the *Fleuron* is a substantial volume of 260 pages, filled with matter of interest to all printers and students of typography, both text and illustrations. The table of contents is short enough to give here in full. Albert Windisch writes of the work of Rudolph Koch, A. F. Johnson writes on Geoffrey Tory, Paul Beaujon on Decorative Printing in America, Stanley Morison on Decorated Types, Luc Benoist on Bernard Naudin, D. B. Updike edits two French disquisitions of type, there are a score of book reviews, half a dozen *critiques* of new type faces, and a large number of fascinating illustrations.

Paul Beaujon's article on Decorative Printing in America is largely a consideration of modernistic decoration as worked out by William A. Dwiggins of Boston. American readers will probably have made their first acquaintance with Mr. Dwiggins's new style in the paper specimens of S. D. Warren & Co., and in Mr. Dwiggins's "Paraphs," published by Knopf and recently reviewed in this department.

Paul Beaujon is one of the most competent of modern writers on printing, but we cannot agree that "the decoration of books should be taken out of the hands of amateurs," or that "the printer, as such, is in the vulgar sense an amateur." It is just because the printer is a professional that he so often fails to produce good work; and it is the *intelligent* amateurs, like Morris and Mr. Dwiggins, who give us something so amazingly worth while. The decoration—as well as the planning—of books should be taken out of the hands of the ignorant professional, and placed in the hands of thoroughly competent draftsmen and typographers. God preserve us from the deadening reign of the professional either in the crafts or in life!

We have had occasion before to comment favorably on the work of the Klingspor Press, where for twenty-one years Rudolph Koch has served as a designer. To our taste there is something more of precise clarity and fresh inventiveness within the necessary conventionalities, in the work of Koch than can anywhere else be found. If it is possible to find refreshment in the design and arrangement of types, it can be found in the work of Koch.

Mr. Johnson's essay on Tory is welcome as giving us further light on a somewhat obscure man. After a devastating attack on the "Tory myth" by Mr. Ivins at the Grolier Club, on the occasion of the publication of the "Champfleury," Mr. Rogers is said to have remarked sorrowfully that his fifteen years of effort on that book was all wasted labor! But Tory seems to be coming out of the mist, and the Grolier Club's edition, with Mr. Ivins's remarks and Mr. Johnson's article, will serve to give him his rightful place, which after all is a good deal better than a false halo.

Decorated types are much to the fore just now—indeed there is a sort of maniacal search for the weird and the bizarre in type. The late nineteenth century saw eccentricity of outline in type design carried to the absurd: the present tendency is to seek novelty in the decoration within the confines of traditional type-forms. This seems a better way, but again eccentricty rather than good design will, we fear, lead designers astray. Mr. Morison's illustrations of older type faces with plain or fanciful decoration within the type silhouette may serve as corrective to the too chaotically-minded type designer. Variety there has been a-plenty, and where the proper shape of the roman letter has not been tampered with, the specimens shown are delightful.

Space does not admit of extended mention of other features of this volume, save to commend to the reader the many excellent reproductions of type-faces and specimen pages. Perhaps the most interesting of the new types (although many of them are by now well known to printers) is the Meidoorn Roman, designed by S. H. de Roos. It is a more distinctly calligraphic form than most of the new types, and therefore, we suspect, more in line with the probable future tendencies in fine printing.

Some carefully set advertisements complete a volume which every typographer and student of modern printing must have. It is a book of "gallant inventions" in typography, assembled and edited with a gusto and knowledge to which American scholars (with three exceptions) do not attain. We wish they could, because such a book seems more worth while than cylinder presses and automobiles and radio contraptions. But—*chacun à son goût*, and we are glad someone has had the gumption to publish number six of *The Fleuron*.

R.

A CAREFUL survey of the prices brought at the recent sales of the Edmund Gosse library at Sotheby's emphasizes again the current madness for association first editions. When the single bargains—if they can be called such—in Thomas Hardys are a copy of "The Trumpet Major," 1880, with an autograph letter of the author's referring to the design on the upper cover laid in, at £40, and an inscribed presentation copy of "The Return of the Native," 1895, at £36, it is fairly obvious that little can be done by collectors of limited means. The other prices were: "The Woodlanders," 1887, presentation copy with a letter of Hardy's inserted, £215; "A Group of Noble Dames," 1891, also a presentation copy, £130; "Two on a Tower," 1892, presentation copy, £230; "Tess," 1892, with a letter referring to the book and its critics, £70; "Life's Little Ironies," 1894, inscribed copy, £115; "Desperate Remedies," 1896, inscribed, £72; "Jude the Obscure," 1896, inscribed, £130; "The Well-Beloved," 1897, £85; "Wessex Poems," 1898, £130; "Poems of the Past and Present," 1902, £100; "Time's Laughing-Stocks," 1909, £110; "A Changed Man," 1913, £68; "Satires of Circumstances," 1914, £205 (all the above were inscribed copies); "To Shakespeare, after three hundred years," 1916, four leaves, one of 50 copies, £36; "Moments of Vision," 1917, inscribed, £145; and "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall," 1923, inscribed, £70. The remaining items in the sale sold for equally high prices: Barrie's "Little Minister," New York, 1891, presentation copy, £68; Conrad's "Youth," 1902, with a letter in defense of "Nostromo" inserted, £65; "Nostromo," 1918, presentation copy, £32; a long series of Henry James presentation copies of first editions, chiefly his travel books and collections of short stories, at prices varying from ten guineas to £24; Samuel Johnson's "London," 1738, £260; "The Vanity of Human Wishes," 1749, £240; "Rasselas," 1759, £95; Keats's "Endymion," 1818, an uncut copy, £240;

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Walter Pater's manuscript of his unfinished work, "Pascal," eighty-one pages quarto, £130; Tennyson's "The Throstle," the autograph manuscript, one page £155; Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Brooklyn, £110.

Three days later, at the same place, the original manuscript of Robert Burns's poem, "The Fête Champêtre," fifty-six lines, accompanied by one of the poet's customary begging letters, brought £840, while the hymn sung in the Chapel of Ease at Kilmarnock for the General Thanksgiving on the King's recovery, April 25, 1789, a manuscript of forty lines, brought £630. A Burns letter to his brother, William, on family matters, dated November, 1789, sold for £400. The Abraham Lincoln "Emancipation" letter to General Dix, dated January 14, 1863, in the same sale, reached £950 before it came into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Maggs. The chief interest of the sale seemed to lie in the autograph correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, together with her personal library of about three hundred volumes, containing her manuscript notes, which went as a whole for £3,500. A letter from Lewis Carroll definitely stating that the first edition, 1865, of "Alice in Wonderland" was withdrawn "as the pictures are so badly done" (so badly reproduced), reached £80.

G. M. T.

The *American Printer*, in recognition of the fact, that the present year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Village Press, leads off its August issue with an article by Frederic W. Goudy entitled "Printing That Wears," and presents other material with a Goudy interest. The Marchbanks Press has printed an insert, "in honor of Frederic and Bertha Goudy," of Mr. Goudy's remarks on "The Craftsman's Ideal." The issue also contains pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Goudy. Mr. Goudy's press was founded in Illinois in 1903, and from it has issued work of much importance in the development of fine printing and typographical interest in the United States.

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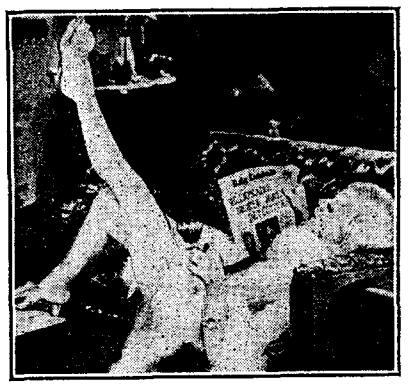

The Inner Sanctum's favorite definition of MAKING WHOOPEE: *defined by* ALICE WHITE *for the screen version of* SHOW GIRL

The *Inner Sanctum* has been accused of Nefarious Plotting and Gross Misrepresentation. That eminent showman, Miss NELLIE REVELL, points out that despite the title of her saga, DIXIE DUGAN is, technically speaking, a *chorus* girl. She sings, acts and dances, while a *show girl* merely wears beautiful clothes and struts across the stage.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD was inspired to create the "show girl" type by a performance in the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. LILLIAN RUSSELL had just staggered the audience by appearing in a Sequin creation that was rumored to cost $400, an unprecedented sum in those days. If (ZIGGY asked himself) one beautiful girl in a gorgeous costume created such a furore, what would happen should ten beauties similarly gowned adorn a stage? He tried it, and the rest is history (VOICES: "Also physiology").

Now, after twenty-five years, ZIEGFIELD is going to produce a musical comedy named after his first innovation. After a turbulent bidding among ten producers,** he has acquired the stage rights to *Show Girl* and he will produce it within six months on a characteristically lavish scale. Chalk up another triumph for Romance.

A prosaic little memorandum from the Statistical Department imparts to *The Inner Sanctum* the unbelievably gaudy and exciting news that our old friends *The Cross Word Puzzle Books* are now consistently selling at the rate of well over fifty thousand copies a year. The fad is over, but the back list lingers on.

All persons who make Glib Generalizations about What The Public Wants may perhaps revise their notions when they learn that two such widely different books as *Bambi* and *Show Girl* are *both* making deer-like leaps on the best-seller lists, matching stride for stride. This week *Show Girl*, however, outdistanced *Bambi* a bit:

Show Girl	2,171
Bambi	1,439

September is going to be the biggest month in the history of *The Inner Sanctum* from the standpoint of the number of books published. Here is the schedule:

Rabelais	Sept. 7
Professor Bernhardi (SCHNITZLER)	Sept. 7
Fascinating Women, Sacred and Profane (BLEI)	Sept. 14
John Wesley, A Portrait (LIPSKY)	Sept. 14
The Friend of Jesus (BATES)	Sept. 21
The Twilight of the American Mind (PITKIN)	Sept. 28
Theresa, A Novel (SCHNITZLER)	Sept. 28
The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan (GOLDBERG)	Sept. 28

Before indicting *The Inner Sanctum* for violating its own code of a small and highly concentrated publishing list, please note (a) that during August no new titles were released at all, and (b) that *The Inner Sanctum* publishes *per year* scarcely more than many houses issue *per month.*

In its curiously naive and old-fashioned way *The Inner Sanctum* insists on *reading* before publishing, and craves time for buying and perusing books issued by other *Sancta Sanctorum.*

—ESSANDESS

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Room 773-S, 18 W. 34th St., N. Y.

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE went to that tea of Mr. *George H. Doran's* for *Stephen Vincent Benét* which was impending before we bade you farewell with a final fling at *John Farrar's* youthfulness last week. Of course the printers wouldn't let us have our say about Mr. Farrar, but made us state that he had retired from the *Bohemian.* Without a doubt we wrote *Bookman;* we don't even know whether there is a *Bohemian* though we've heard of the Czecho-Slovakian state that once was Bohemia, and of the coast of Bohemia, and of the organization in New York City called the Bohemians composed of musicians and other jolly folk, and of a similar society in California whose guest Hoover has been on occasions. Well, we've been told before our handwriting is illegible; hereafter we shall make no marginal insertions, but let only what is writ on the typewriter be writ. Otherwise we'll always be in hot water, and the printers always in our bad graces. But to return to the tea. . . .

When we had somewhat recovered from having our name flung forth by a stentorian-voiced butler we advanced through a panelled room upon what seemed the center of commotion. That resolved itself, as we drew near, into *Stephen Vincent Benét* completely surrouded by women. The Nest, feeling itself as a part of the *Saturday Review* bound to Mr. Benét by the ties of consanguinity, at once put into operation that time-honored precept of all well-regulated families summed up in the slogan F.H.B. We held back, and next came upon Mr. *Cameron Rogers,* who admitted emphatically that we had not yet reviewed his last book, "Gallant Ladies," though another is already on the press. That was embarrassing, so we went further, finally coming to anchor next to *Herschel Brickell,* late of the New York *Evening Post,* now of Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Brickell took us into the next room (there were next rooms and next rooms, with people and refreshments in all), where comfortably esconced in a cloud of cigarette smoke in the corner were his wife and *Paxton Hibben.* Mr. Hibben is recently back from Kansas and Nebraska, where he has been pursuing material for a biography of *William Jennings Bryan* which he is writing and Doubleday, Doran is to publish. He tells us that on his way he dropped into Missouri to see Mrs. *Champ Clark,* who has a vast amount of unsorted material of exceeding interest to delvers in American political history. He tells us too that Bryan was unduly fond of the fleshpots, and *Mrs. Brickell* supplements his statement with recollections of the day when he visited her grandfather, then Governor of Mississippi, and dispatched three heaping platefuls of mashed potatoes. . . .

Mashed potatoes remind us that we are in receipt of a letter from the correspondent who was in search of "sausage and mashed." We quote judicious extracts from her epistle:

> Three times did I lunch at the Cock Tavern: (1) Sausage & Mashed; (2) Veal & Ham Pie; (3) Plum Pudding with Hot Rum Sauce. Oh my! . . .
>
> What a town is London! I am happy to remember that there I accomplished two acts of piety which I had set for this Pilgrimage. One red rose was left on the grave of *Dickens* in the Abbey; one left on the doorstep of *George Moore* in Ebury Street. When I looked round, a second later, I saw that a woman had picked it up and walked on with it! Never mind: the sacrament was efficacious. I am certain that the author of "Esther Waters" would not grudge it. . . .

Well, well, the world does move, or perhaps it doesn't. We understand our valued contributor, *H. M. Kallen,* has run afoul of the Boston authorities for stating that if *Sacco* and *Vanzetti* were anarchists then so were Christ and *Sophocles.* Even Boston couldn't stand for that and we learn this morning that the suit has been discontinued. But *President Coolidge* was wise in his day and generation; the rest of the country needs to be admonished to "Have Faith in Massachusetts." . . .

Now we are away from literature again we can't resist wandering a little further just to print the following lament from the London *Observer* of August, 1828:

> "Perhaps there never was a year so stained with murders of the worst description as the present. There have been convicted since the beginning of the year: At Maidstone, 1; Exeter, 1; Lancaster, 1; Shrewsbury, 5; Buckingham, 2; Bury St. Edmunds, 1—total 11."

They were pikers in those days in Britain. We could show them something now in America. . . .

Mr. *A. S. M. Hutchinson,* who since he abandoned freedom and became a Benedick has done little writing, is working on a new novel with the piquant title, "The Defective Trumpet," and *Frank Swinnerton* has one entitled "A Brood of Ducklings" coming from the press of Doubleday, Doran. The "ducklings" of his story are two very modern and disquieting young ladies, and the tale revolves about the reactions to them of a sensitive and delicate father. . . .

Writers, take notice! Some one in England has inserted a classified advertisement in a paper under the head WEDDING which runs as follows: "Wanted, light and witty matter for wedding speech. Terms. Write Box, etc." Shades of Mr. Micawber! How he would have revelled in supplying it. . . .

Mr. Micawber puts us in mind that there is quite a *Dickens* recrudescence in progress. *John Forster's* "Life of Charles Dickens" has been issued by Doubleday, Doran, edited and annotated with an introduction by *J. W. T. Ley.* The book, with which every student of Dickens is familiar in its original form, has now swelled to a portly volume, and contains in its supplements to the original chapters an immense amount of interesting material. We advise you, if you are of the true faith, to get it. But perhaps you prefer your biography disguised as fiction? Well, then try *C. E. Bechhofer Roberts's* "This Side Idolatry," published the other day by Bobbs-Merrill. We plunged into it in galley form, without any notion as to what was in store for us, and for some few pages our wonder grew as to how any present-day writer could so obviously write in the manner of Dickens. Then as incident after incident began to take on a strange familiarity, we suddenly realized that the style was deliberate and the novel a life of Dickens in disguise. But you won't have our experience, for the book as it is published has a jacket displaying a Mr. Weller like figure on the box of a stagecoach and the caption, "a novel based on the life of Dickens." By the time you get through with Mr. Bechhofer's novel *Ralph Straus's* "Life of Dickens," which the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation is to bring out, will be ready for you. . . .

We suppose we can't escape it—mention of detective stories, we mean. We've just been told on impeccable authority that *Mr. Swem,* who during a seven years' secretaryship to *Woodrow Wilson* seems to have spent the greater part of his time sampling detective literature for the benefit of the President, is writing a detective story of his own. If knowledge of what others have done in the field is of any service, Mr. Swem ought to turn out a corking piece of work, for he not only read everything he could lay his hands on in English to satisfy the President's assiduous interest, but searched through French and German literature for possible tales for Wilson. Now truly you have an argument against the few unfortunates who may still protest against the taste for detective stories as cogent as *Grant's* whiskey was to *Lincoln.* . . .

And now we think we have some good news for you. We say it with caution, because having learned by sad experience that his arrival is rarely in accord with his forecast, we think it wiser to hold out hope rather than the certainty of the Phoenician's return. But we *think* that he sailed yesterday from England and that he should be in New York in time to write the next Nest for you. Congratulations all around. And henceforth you'll be certain of the wisdom of the advertising slogan: Accept no substitute.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHOENICIAN.

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from page* 110)

actual operation of the laws, there is a clear inference from this mass of evidence that the present system is already obsolete. A nation which has begun to take the lead in constructing peace machinery offers a doubtful example in dealing so harshly with friendly sovereign states. Not only are the laws stupid; "the old system of control is passing," believes Dr. McKenzie. "The task of guarding political frontiers becomes more difficult and costly with the introduction of each new form of transportation." Not only because it is the more humane and far-seeing policy, but because exclusion by statute is becoming more and more of an impossibility should we seek some other method of selective immigration.

RESIDENT ORIENTALS ON THE AMERICAN PACIFIC COAST. By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS. University of Chicago Press. 1928. $3.

Since the Immigration Act of 1924 closed America's doors to Japan the bogey of yellow domination has been largely dissolved from the horizon of the Pacific Coast. But if Oriental immigration ceases to trouble the affected States of California, Oregon, and Washington as a menace from without, it is still an internal problem, largely because successive Federal legislation has left the position of the resident Orientals anything but happy. It is with this situation that the author, professor of geography and international trade in Stanford University, deals. Much of his study is concerned with the legal status of Chinese and Japanese, but he also investigates the larger aspects of the problem.

"The older generations are largely taking care of themselves," he says. "America's problem and responsibility is with the succeeding generations." For here is a group, "by our constitution compelled to be American citizens . . . yet actually without a country when they are treated as strangers or worse." Professions and business houses discriminate against them in the West; color robs them of a citizen's right to compete with his skill and training in the open market. Mr. Mears believes that relief may come in the future as race suspicion is gradually dissolved. But his study spotlights a problem which can hardly be ignored; its potentialities for international complication and discord are by no means exhausted.

THE CENTRAL AMERICANS. By *Arthur Ruhl*. Scribners. $3.

RED RUSSIA. By *George London*. Dutton. $2.

UNFATHOMED JAPAN. By *Harold W. Foght* and *Alice Robbins Foght*. Macmillan. $5.

DIPLOMATIC EUROPE SINCE THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES. By *Count Carlo Sforza*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE ECONOMIC, FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL STATE OF GERMANY SINCE THE WAR. By *Peter P. Reinhold*. Yale University Press. $2.

REPUBLICAN GERMANY. By *Hugh Quigley* and *Robert T. Clark*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF EUROPE. By *M. Phillips Price*. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE IRISH FREE-STATE. By *Denis Gwynn*. Macmillan.

OUR RELATIONS TO THE NATIONS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. By *Charles Evans Hughes*. Princeton University Press. $1.75.

THE FAR EAST. By *Payson J. Treat*. Harpers. $5.

THE DRAFTING OF THE COVENANT. By *David Hunter Miller*. Putnam. 2 vols. $15.

THE PACIFIC: A FORECAST. By *P. T. Etherton* and *H. H. Tiltman*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

CATHOLICISM AND THE AMERICAN MIND. By *Winfred Ernest Garrison*. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.50.

LENINISM. By *Joseph Stalin*. Translated by *Eden* and *Cedar Paul*. International Publishers. $2.50.

THAT UNTRAVELL'D WORLD. By *Groton*. Mass. Groton School.

Juvenile

Here, for the leisurely reading of the summer, and not to be forgotten in the autumn, is a collection of rather unusually readable boys' and girls' books of last spring. The boys' books are as usual concretely objective with adventure as a keynote. Boys "on their own," from runaways on home roads to loggers in the Northwest, suffice for our own country; mystery and romantic settings are to the fore abroad. We have:

HALF-PINT SHANNON. By *Paul L. Anderson*. Appleton. $1.75. Adventures of a boarding-school boy "on his own."

GIVE A BOY LUCK. By *Elwood F. Pierce*. $1.75 net. Duffield. Adventures of a cub-reporter.

ADVENTURES OF TOM MARVEL. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. Appleton. $1.50. The escapades of three runaways.

CHUCK RYAN, LOGGER. By *Frank Richardson Pierce*. Doubleday, Doran. Adventures in lumber camps of the Northwest.

COMRADES OF THE KEY. By *Ralph Henry Barbour*. $1.75. Century. Life of a small boy on an island off Florida.

DAMASCUS STEEL. By *M. E. Murphy*. Doubleday, Doran. Arabian Adventures.

THE TAMER OF HERDS. By *Francis Rolt-Wheeler*. Appleton. Adventures in ancient Chaldea.

In the girls' books, adventure is tempered with psychology, one book, "*Peggy Takes a Hand*," being based squarely on character-study of odd types, and a continual attempt at atmosphere is evident. There are as usual plenty of mystery and outdoor stories. We have:

BETTY LOU OF BIG LOG MOUNTAIN. By *Mary Justus*. Doubleday, Doran. A story of the Cumberland Mountains.

CAMP CONQUEROR. By *Ethel Hume Bennett*. $1.75. Houghton Mifflin. A camp story of northern forests.

THE GYPSY STAR. By *Elaine Star Carrington*. $1.75. Harper. Gypsy romance.

SPINGLE SPOOKS. By *Zillah H. Macdonald*. $1.75. Appleton. Nova Scotian Mystery story.

IRENE OF TUNDRA TOWERS. By *Elizabeth Burrows*. $2.00. Doubleday, Doran. Adventures on the Yukon.

THE SECRET STAIR. By *Pemberton Gunther*. Macrae-Smith. Mystery in an old mansion.

FOUND TREASURE. By *Marcia Macdonald*. $1.75. Lippincott. A young girl's rather pious love-story.

PEGGY TAKES A HAND. By *Gladys Allen*. $2.00. Doubleday, Doran. Home adventures based on character study.

THE BRONZE TURKEY. By *Elizabeth Willis*. Crowell. Life of a "poor little rich girl" on a wholesome Canadian farm.

RIVER GOLD. By *Mary Paxton*. Bobbs-Merrill. Three small boys' adventures with buried gold in Missouri.

An equal number of characters of both sexes may justify the announcement in "We Five," but why the solemn emphasis? To catch a young person's attention is much more to the point than a usually unreal differentiation. At least, these books for boys and girls are apt to be smaller than those that separate interests.

As to quality, "Peggy Takes a Hand," "The Bronze Turkey," "Irene Of Tundra Towers," and "River Gold" seem to us to be fairly distinctive, while the one book for younger children, the family story "We Five," is quite charming.

STORIES BARRY TOLD ME. By *Barry Pain*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE SECRET STAIR. By *Pemberton Ginther*. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co.

TOPSY TURVY. By *Felicité Lefèvre*. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co.

MORE ABOUT ELLIE. By *Eleanor Verdery Sloan*. Dutton. $2.

UNDER THE LILACS. By *Louisa Alcott*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

JACK AND JILL. By *Louisa M. Alcott*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE ATLANTIC TREASURY OF CHILDHOOD STORIES. Edited by *Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins*. Little, Brown.

WHY-SO STORIES. By *Edwin Gile Rich*. Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

SUGAR AND SPICE. By *Mary W. Tileston*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES AT SCHOOL. By *Mary P. Wells Smith*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE SPANISH CARAVEL. By *Gerald Bullett*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE BIBLE IN GRADED STORY. By *Clara Belle Baker* and *Edna Dean Baker*. Abingdon. $2.

THE TUCKAWAY TWINS. By *Charlotte Brewster Gordon*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

POLLY PATCHWORK. By *Rachel Field*. Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents.

CASTLE WONDERFUL. By *Johanna Spyri*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

FAMOUS RULERS. By *Lydia Hart Farmer*. Crowell. $2.50 net.

THE STORY OF STEADY AND SURE. By *C. J. Hamilton*. $1.50 net.

THE GHOST OF THE GLIMMERGLASS. By *Merritt P. Allen*. Harpers. $1.75.

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE HUDSON. By *James A. Braden*. Harpers. $1.75.

THE BASEBALL DETECTIVE. By *Charles G. Muller*. Harpers. $1.75.

THE RED CAPE. By *Rachel M. Varble*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

FUR BRIGADE. By *Hal G. Evarts*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA. By *Angelo Patri*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Religion

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By A. H. MCNEILE. Oxford University Press. 1928. $6.50.

Dr. McNeile, now of Dublin, has added to his useful books on various parts of the Bible a new one dealing in general with the study of the New Testament. "Introduction," in the strict sense, applies to the first two-thirds of its contents in which the present problems concerning the origin of the several New Testament books are discussed. The position taken is on the whole liberal and many of the more recent phases of study and debate are satisfactorily summarized. The author fortunately does not feel bound always to take sides on disputed questions. He admits that certainty is sometimes not forthcoming. The traditional view of authorship is accepted in the case of Ephesians and rejected for the fourth gospel. Dr. McNeile accepts rather too easily certain critical theories, either those that are modern and superficially attractive or those shreds of exploded traditions. On the other hand, he frankly admits the impossibility of apostolic authorship for Matthew and Second Peter and the pastoral epistles, and he insists on the literal meaning of the Revelation of John. Compared with older familiar books on the same field this work, beside being more up to date, is less burdened with scripture references than Bacon's introduction or with bibliographical material than Moffatt's introduction and less limited to a weighing of the theories of rival critics than Peake's introduction. Of interest to some readers will be the novel habit whereby the mention of a modern scholar is accompanied by a note giving his academic or ecclesiastical position.

There is little effort or opportunity for originality in such a sketch of modern criticism, still less in the two summaries which follow on the history of the canon and on textual criticism. These subjects require a mass of details which can hardly be expected to interest the general reader. More fresh and interesting is a brief final chapter on the inspiration and value of the several parts of the New Testament.

The book claims to be no more than a summary. It is intended for beginners and general readers rather than for experts. It will serve this purpose well enough. It is really a textbook, but may be read with profit by ministers who want to know what has been going on in New Testament criticism, especially in English, since their seminary days. The excellent make-up of the volume, characteristic of the Oxford Press, adds to the pleasure of using it.

NEW SOLUTIONS OF NEW TESTAMENT PROBLEMS. By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. University of Chicago Press. 1927.

Scholars cannot afford to overlook this group of essays on moot points of New Testament criticism. The most important are those connected with the collection of Paul's letters and the origin of the Book of Acts, which Goodspeed takes to be subsequent. The non-use of the Epistles for the composition of Acts is certainly a striking phenomenon. Whether it will bear all the weight of inference Goodspeed places upon it will depend somewhat on critical judgments regarding Ephesians (composed in Goodspeed's judgment after Paul's death to preface the collection), and the dates of Hebrews and I Peter which he would place very shortly before I Clement (96 A. D.) which uses them. Also the absence of literature celebrating the missionary triumphs and martyr death of Paul from the arcana of the Greek churches which yielded materials for the corpus of the Letters in times preceding the publication of Luke-Acts would be difficult to demonstrate. But Goodspeed certainly offers a wholesome antidote to the reaction toward an uncritical reliance on tradition started by Harnack's Lukan studies.

THE CASE FOR CHRISTIANSTY. By *Clement F. Rogers*. Harpers. $3.

THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. By *H. Wheeler Robinson*. Harpers. $3.

RELIGION AND THE COMMONWEAL. By *Herbert Maynard Diamond*. Harpers. $2.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLED PARSON. By *Bishop Charles Fiske*. Scribners. $2.

SCIENCE IN SEARCH OF GOD. By *Kirtley F. Mather*. Holt. $2.

THE MEANING OF SELFHOOD AND FAITH IN IMMORTALITY. By *Eugene William Lyman*. Harvard University Press. $1 net.

THE PRAYER BOOK CRISIS. By *Sir William Joynson-Hicks*. Putnam.

PRAYERS FOR THE DAY'S WORK. By *Christian F. Reisner*. Abingdon. 50 cents.

Science

GALLIO OR THE TYRANNY OF SCIENCE. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. Dutton. 1928. $1.

Many a physicist will welcome this diminutive volume setting forth to the layman the relation which the exact sciences bear to the domain of art and religion. Just as in the Acts of the Apostles we read that Gallio was "not minded to judge of these matters," so in Mr. Sullivan's essay we find that the teachings of science, so far as the spiritual problems of men are concerned, need no longer be regarded as stultifying: they are merely irrelevant.

With a clear understanding of the philosophical aspect of the theory of Relativity, the essayist points out that "the first duty of a man who bases his conclusions on science is to make sure that his science is up-to-date." There is no longer need for the "iron laws of the Victorians" to depress the modern poet. In the Quantum Theory "he will find much that is, at present, agreeably miraculous."

On the other hand, we find a warning against the old materialistic outlook still active in many branches of science which ape physics. Can we give an equation to a chicken? Can we measure intelligence quantitatively? Both behaviorism and non-Euclidean geometry sound like nonsense to the layman. But non-Euclidean geometry is not nonsense.

In brief, the essay points out that although science rules within its own closed system, there is an arbitrary element in its assumptions. Science gives but a partial description of the universe and in view of its aims and powers cannot be considered a tyrant.

IN SEARCH OF OUR ANCESTORS—An Attempt to Retrace Man's Origin and Development from Later Ages back to Their Beginnings. By MARY E. BOYLE. Little, Brown. 1928.

Any book on prehistory, which has the approval of the Abbé Breuil, is worthy of serious consideration. The fact that the author has been a student of Breuil is an added reason for approaching the book in a spirit of approval. Besides, other students of Breuil have become successful authors—notably M. C. Burkitt of Cambridge and Miss Dorothy A. E. Garrod of Oxford.

Breuil's preface is done in a masterly manner. Miss Boyle writes entertainingly and very much in the spirit of her master. Her statements are always marked by conservatism and her conclusions logical. The work may be classed as singularly free from errors, even of a typographic nature. In the latter class belongs the word *Hesperopithecus*, which is made to read *Hyperopithecus*. But this is not so serious a matter as might at first seem, since, according to the well-known authority, W. K. Gregory, the creature was not a pithecian at all. The illustrations are well chosen and for the most part good, especially those in color.

One cannot help wondering why, in treating a subject so evolutionary as that of prehistoric man, the author should have chosen a method that cloaks the results of evolutionary processes both physical and cultural. In other words, the book is "an attempt to retrace man's origin and development from later ages back to their beginnings." This method is confusing to the specialist and must be even more so to the lay reader. To be sure, it proceeds from the known to the unknown, but this apparent advantage is more than negatived by the fact that it also proceeds from the complex to the simple. The actual result of the method employed is not unlike that obtained when a moving picture film is reversed on the screen. There is nothing really the matter with Miss Boyle's picture except that it is run off the reel backwards.

HEREDITY AND CHILD CULTURE. By HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN. Dutton. 1928.

This second edition of a simple discussion of the native and the social inheritance as it affects child development indicates the continued need for enlightenment. Dr. Chapin's position is well balanced. He considers the several factors in make-up and environment that contribute to wholesome development. The volume will continue to be of good service in presenting intelligibly what parents should know.

HOW WE INHERIT. By *Edgar Altenburg*. Holt. $3.

OLD MOTHER EARTH. By *Kirtley F. Mather*. Harward University Press. $2.50.

THE BRAIN, FROM APE TO MAN. By *Frederick Tilney*. Harper. 2 vols.

INFANCY AND HUMAN GROWTH. By *Arnold Gesell*. Macmillan.

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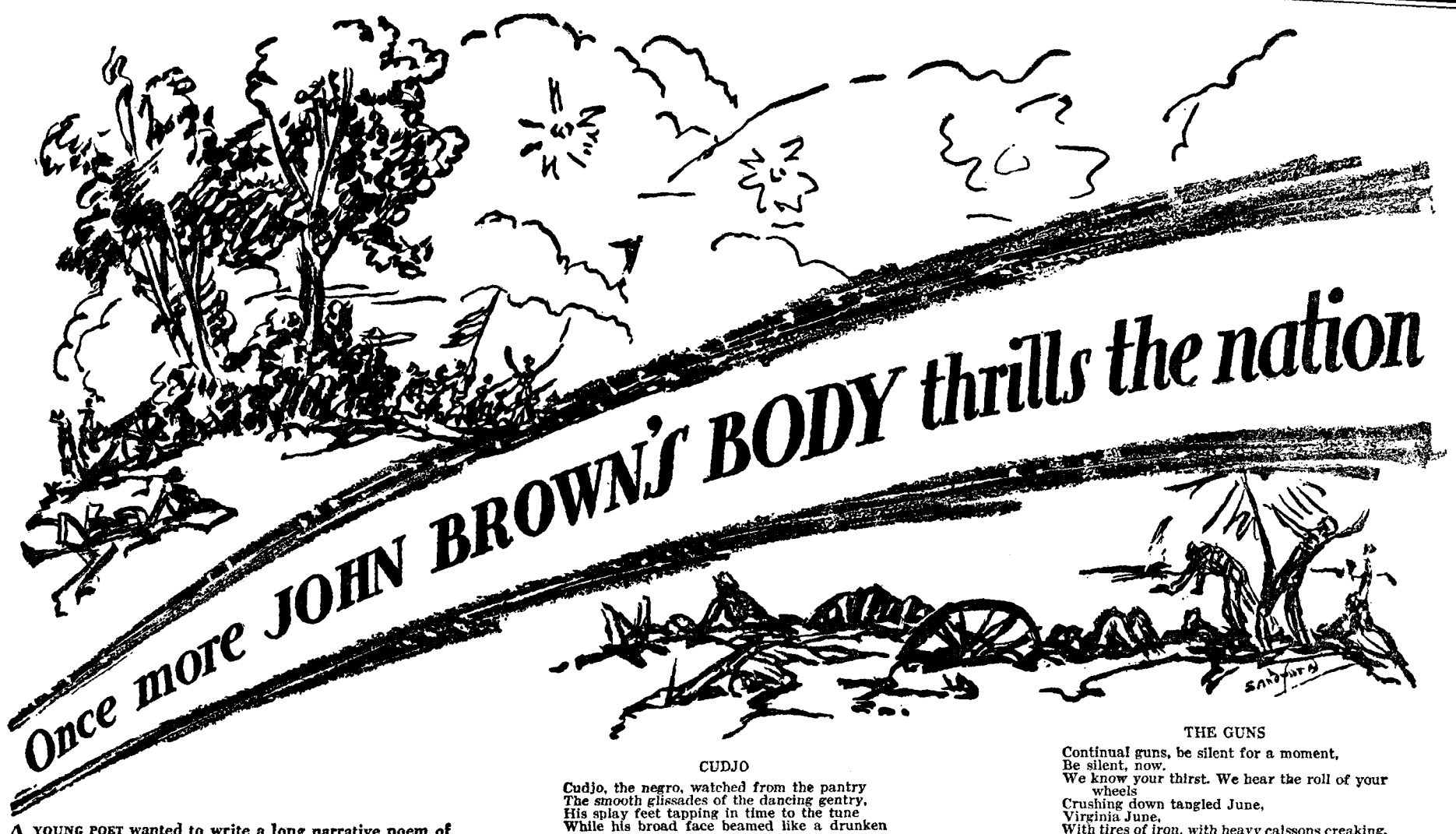

A YOUNG POET wanted to write a long narrative poem of the Civil War. All his friends advised against it. "In the first place," they said, "the public isn't interested in the Civil War; in the second, nobody reads long poems any more." The young man, who was writing neither for his friends nor for the public, but for himself, began his poem. He needed money to support his wife and two babies while he finished it, so he took the first part to the Guggenheim Foundation and showed it to them. They read a few verses from the invocation to the American muse:

You are the buffalo ghost, the broncho ghost
With dollar silver in your saddle horn,
The cowboys riding in from Painted Post,
The Indian arrow in the Indian corn.

. . . They tried to fit you with an English song
And clip your speech into the English tale.
But even from the first, the words went wrong,
The catbird pecked away the nightingale.

The homesick men begot high cheek-boned things
Whose wit was whittled with a different sound
And Thames and all the rivers of the Kings
Ran into Mississippi and were drowned . . .

They read the prelude, the scene aboard the slave ship, and John Brown's prayer:

For fifty-nine unsparing years
Thy grace hath worked apart
To mould a man of iron tears
With a bullet for a heart. . . .

The Guggenheim Foundation believed in the poem, and awarded the young man a Fellowship. He took his family to France; two years later he sent the completed manuscript to his publishers. Early in August he boarded the *Ile de France*—second class, for the money from the Fellowship was almost gone—to sail for home. When he walked up the gangplank at Le Havre his name was unknown to the world at large; when the ship docked in New York he was overwhelmed by reporters and photographers.

For his book had been published as he was boarding the ship; the Book of the Month Club had made it their August selection; critics all over the country had hailed it with glowing superlatives; in its first week it was climbing into all the best-seller lists. And this was the 100,000 word Civil War poem that the young man's friends had told him could only fail!

Probably you have read JOHN BROWN'S BODY—for seventy thousand people have bought it already—but in case you have not, you might like to know what it is like; to understand why readers and reviewers are so amazingly enthusiastic; what critical journals are saying about it.

"Nothing short of magnificent. . . . Its ecstasy is contagious; its sweep is irresistible; it is history, biography, romance and tragedy, and it keeps step with the music of the Republic. . . . By far the most important poem that has come out of America in many long years."
—Harry Hansen, N. Y. World.

CUDJO

Cudjo, the negro, watched from the pantry
The smooth glissades of the dancing gentry,
His splay feet tapping in time to the tune
While his broad face beamed like a drunken moon
At candles weeping in crystal sconces,
Waxed floors glowing like polished bronzes,
Sparkles glinting on Royal Worcester
An all the stir and color and luster . . .
He belonged to the hidden nation
The mute, enormous confederation
Of the planted earth and the burden borne
And the horse that is ridden and given corn.
The wind from the brier patch brought him news
That never went walking in white man's shoes
And the grapevine whispered its message faster
Than a horse could gallop across a grave.
Till, long ere the letter could tell the master
The doomsday rabbits had told the slave.

"Stephen Vincent Benét in one gigantic leap has become our first poet, our Homer who sings an Iliad of the Civil War. . . . As long as this is a nation, there will be grateful readers for Benét's masterful epic."
—New York Evening Post.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

If you would sing of fighters, sing of these men,
Sing of Fair Oaks and the battered Seven Days,
Not of the raging Ajax, the cry of Hector,
These men were not gods, nor shielded by any gods,
They were men of our shape: they fought as such men may fight
With a mortal skill: when they died, it was as men die.
Army of the Potomac, advancing army.
Alloy of a dozen disparate, alien States,
City boy, farm hand, bounty man, first volunteer,
Old regular, drafted recruit, paid substitute,
Men who fought through the war from first Bull Run,
And other men, nowise different in look or purpose,
Whom the first men greeted at first with a ribald cry
"Here they come! Two hundred dollars and a ka-ow!"

"To the last lines, John Brown's Body holds you completely in its spell. The Civil War wanted a spirited panoramic poem; and now it's got one, good and plenty."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"One follows with tense interest, with a lump in the throat as at the sight of old battle flags being carried by."
—New York Times.

THE GUNS

Continual guns, be silent for a moment,
Be silent, now.
We know your thirst. We hear the roll of your wheels
Crushing down tangled June,
Virginia June,
With tires of iron, with heavy caissons creaking,
Crushing down maidenhair and wilderness-seal,
Scaring the possum and the rabbit-children,
Scaring the redbird and the mocking bird,
We know your bloody thirst so soon to be slaked
With the red burst-grape juices.

THE MONUMENT

Pickett came
And the South came
And the end came
And the grass comes
And the wind blows
On the bronze book
On the bronze men
On the grown grass
And the wind says
'Long ago
Long
Ago.'

John Brown's Body has demolished the publishing axiom that poetry won't sell. It is selling faster than most novels. It has passed 50,000, passed 60,000, nears 70,000 copies—over a thousand people a week are buying it, and it looks as if by Christmas it will reach the magic 100,000 mark, usually touched by only one or two novels each year.

The most excellent writing done by an American poet.—Springfield Union.

Quickens the heart, enthralls the imagination.—Buffalo Evening News.

Has the grandeur of an Adirondack mountain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Will take its place among America's historical masterpieces. A pageant of fierce beauty and power.—Chicago Tribune.

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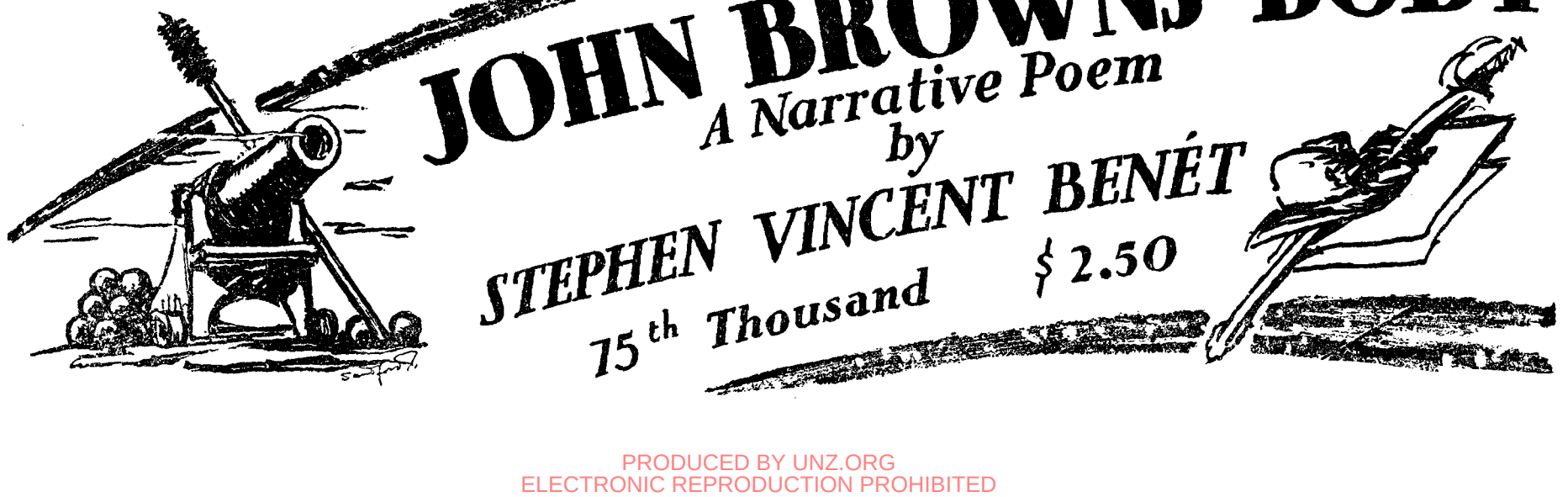

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